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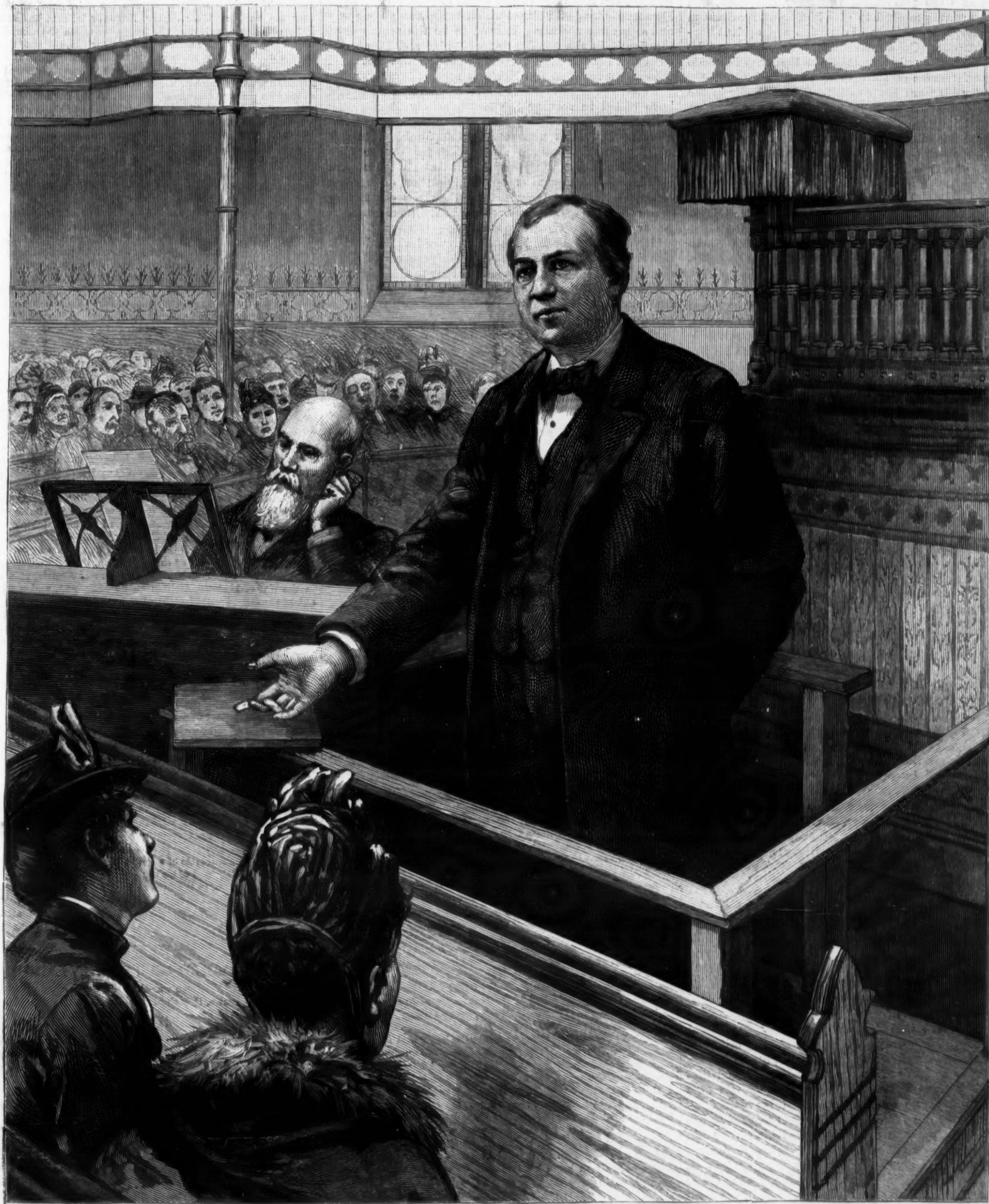
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE SUNDAY TALKS OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—HON. JOHN WANAMAKER ADDRESSING THE BETHANY SUNDAY-SCHOOL,
PHILADELPHIA.

FROM A SKETCH BY F. ADAMS.—SEE PAGE 155.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 13, 1889.

ONE MONTH OF HARRISON.

THE Senate has adjourned, and the President has passed through the trying ordeal of the first month of his Administration. The expectations of the people, founded on his career and his public utterances, have been well fulfilled. One of the weapons used against him most persistently in the campaign was the assertion that he would not be a real ruler, but would be overshadowed by stronger minds. A single month of power has sufficed to set this fear at rest. It is evident now that President Harrison is his own master, and that he means to be responsible for the dignity and purity of his Administration. The American people are not slow to appreciate the real qualities of their Executive, and already they are prepared to give him credit for decision of character, independence of dictation and evident honesty of purpose. Once convinced of this, they will be very tolerant of any honest mistakes that may be made in the performance of his embarrassing duties.

Thus far his work has consisted almost wholly in the selection of his Cabinet advisers and the appointment of the most important diplomatic and civil officers. And certainly in this duty he has shown remarkable sagacity. Seldom has a Cabinet been formed with so little adverse criticism. As to some of its members, whose selection was a foregone conclusion, their character and qualifications were so well known that there was no room for cavil. But three of them may be mentioned as illustrating, in a marked degree, the President's good sense and sagacity. When it was understood that John Wanamaker was to be Postmaster-general there was a loud protest against it in certain quarters. To place a mere Philadelphia tradesman at the head of one of the Executive Departments was pronounced an act of folly. But within this short time it has been discovered that this vigorous, successful and upright business man—even though he is a shop-keeper—is just the man to manage such an important and complicated business as the United States Post-office. It is clearly seen that he means to manage it on the principles which have been the basis of his success in his own business, and that he must, by his very nature and training, bring to it the energy, the knowledge of men and the experience in practical affairs which he has shown in his own pursuits, and which are just what the Post-office Department needs. In this case President Harrison has shown his wisdom in putting the right man in the right place, under circumstances which might well have discouraged one of less independence of character.

And the same thing may be said of Secretaries Tracy and Noble, whose names appeared so late that there was no time for criticism. They also are, evidently, the right men in the right place. The former has met with universal favor, and is taking hold of his unaccustomed duties with the coolness and skill of the veteran lawyer who, if he is of the right fibre and training, is ready for any sort of public service. The latter, in charge of the vast Interior Department, has commended himself and the Administration to public favor by his order prohibiting the bureau officers from asking for resignations or exercising discretion as to removals. His Department is one in which an order like this is especially significant, and from it will reasonably be inferred much as to the policy of the Administration in the matter of the civil service.

As to the appointments to the diplomatic service, there is the same sense of public satisfaction. Of course no President can escape the criticism of opponents, but even among the Democrats there is a disposition to treat the Administration fairly, and to admit that it has begun well. And it is very generally understood that it is the Administration of General Harrison himself.

THE REJECTION OF HALSTEAD.

IN refusing to confirm the nomination of Murat Halstead as United States Minister to Germany, the Senate has undoubtedly asserted itself, as it had a right to do; and those who question the reasonableness and the propriety of its action are also entirely within their right. The Senators who led the opposition to Mr. Halstead frankly confessed that they had personal grievances against him. He, as a journalist, had sharply criticised their conduct as legislators; had accused them of being actuated by unworthy motives; and had maintained that one of their number, Senator Payne, of Ohio, owed his election to bribery, practically condoned by his fellow-Senators. But did Mr. Halstead, in thus criticising the public acts of public men, really exceed his right? In what country are we living? Free speech and freedom of the press, it is generally thought, are secured to all men in America, with proper legal penalties for the abuse of either. If Mr. Halstead passed the bounds of fair criticism in his remarks upon the Senate as a body, or upon any individual Senator, he was sure to injure himself and his cause by his intemperance, exactly as the Senate has injured itself and lowered its own dignity in the eyes

of the nation—by making itself, in the rejection of Mr. Halstead, the tool of a petty personal resentment felt by one or by two or by six Senators.

No man has pretended to find fault with Mr. Halstead's qualifications for the post for which he was nominated by President Harrison, and if the principle which the Senate seeks to establish in this instance is to be admitted, there will be hereafter but one qualification for any office subject to approval by the Senate, and that, entire subservience to the will of some one Senator, and consequent unfitness to represent a free people.

BREAKING THE SOLID SOUTH.

THE political solidity of the South is a national misfortune. It is not well for the country that one large section of it should vote the same way in every election, year after year, and decade after decade. The natural thing is for States, like individuals, to disagree in politics. This is the way it has always been in the North. This part of the country is not solid for any one party. There are States which the Republicans always carry, to be sure, but there are others which are more likely to go Democratic, and still others which sometimes go one way and sometimes another. It used to be the same way at the South, in the old days when Whigs and Democrats struggled for the mastery. That section was not solid then any more than the North is now.

It was not unnatural that the reconstruction era should have ended in leaving the South solidly Democratic. This result was probably inevitable under the circumstances. But it is none the less deplorable that this solidity should continue after whatever excuse once existed for it has disappeared. It breeds harm, and only harm—intolerance of opinion, violation of freedom of speech, fraud and corruption, when the community comes to appear nearly evenly divided, and those in power resolve to cling to power.

It was one of the happiest features of last Fall's election that the solidity of the South was practically broken through the election of a Republican to the United States Senate from Delaware, and the election, on the face of the returns, of a Republican as Governor of West Virginia, while only a faction fight in one Congressional district prevented the party from carrying Virginia for Harrison. The entering wedge has thus been applied, and it is now to be driven home through a noteworthy convention which is to be held at Chattanooga, Tenn., in May. Colonel H. C. Parsons, of Natural Bridge, Va., a Republican, and Mr. Thomas Sedden, a prominent citizen of Birmingham, Ala., who has been a Democrat, are among the leaders in this movement. The controlling motive is a desire to help the spread of protection ideas in the South, and prevent the election of free-traders to Congress; and it is proposed to "organize a Southern Protective Tariff League, confined to the mineral districts and to national politics, which shall so educate and organize our people that they may assert the balance of power they rightfully hold to protect and advance the material development of the South."

Whatever views any citizen may hold on the question of protection or free trade, he cannot fail to hail this movement as holding the promise of better things for the South, and so for the country. It seems to assure a division among the voters on precisely the same basis as divides voters in the North, and to assure the downfall of a solidity which has become an anachronism, if it be held ever to have been justifiable.

STANLEY'S LETTER.

A LONG and interesting letter, dated September the 4th, 1888, at Smuputuri, and received on the 1st of April by a friend of Stanley's in Edinburgh, confirms with full details the dispatch published in December of last year, concerning the meeting of the explorer with Emin Pasha. It was no holiday march that Stanley and his party made in the fifteen months between his departure, in June, 1887, from the camp at Yambanga and the date of the letter just published. The feelings of the natives were at no time more than quietly neutral, and they were often hostile to the point of armed opposition. One great chief, Mazamboni, who at first made open war upon the intruders, afterward led the way in uniting with Stanley in blood brotherhood, and this removed the most pressing of the difficulties in the way of the expedition—the want of food. How far this blood tie has served in the later adventures of Stanley we have yet to learn; but at the time it enabled him to reach the Albert Nyanza in safety, and to meet on the shore of the lake, on the 29th of April, 1888, Emin Pasha and Captain Casati. Emin's position was even better than the various letters received from him in the past three years had indicated. He was master of the Albert Nyanza, and controlled, with a force of 1,500 regular soldiers and a number of auxiliaries, a line of communications two hundred miles in length along the lake and the Nile, besides three or four posts to the west of the river.

Nothing in Stanley's letter warrants the belief that Emin was in any danger. He had his people well in hand, and seemed to be quite sure of their fidelity, though he expressed a doubt as to the steadiness of his Egyptians under any other control than his own. If there was ever any good reason for the breathless anxiety of the world, just two years ago, regarding Emin's fate, the reason no longer exists. He is master of his own destiny quite as much as any mortal can be said to be. In a word, Stanley tells us absolutely nothing more than we already knew about the "beleaguered pioneer of civilization in Central Africa." Stanley set out to see him, and has seen him; but it remains a question whether it was worth while to do so much for such a small result.

Of the expedition itself there is a great deal to be said. The discovery of the enormous forests through which the party toiled for one hundred and sixty days recalls, though on a smaller scale, the sufferings and the heroism of Gonzalo Pizarro's party on the Amazon. The land sloped, it was found, from the plateau above the Nyanza toward the Congo; and over this declining table-land

were grouped and isolated peaks, none of great height. It is not easy to understand how Stanley's party should have been the first to discover, at the distance of fifty miles from the Nyanza, a mountain he calls Ruevenzori, and supposed to be 17,000 or 18,000 feet high. Emin has more than once circumnavigated the lake, and so high a mountain would surely have attracted his notice. The Aruwimi River, like all rivers that flow through regions inhabited by different tribes, was found to have a new name for every break or fork in its course, and these Stanley, with the right explorer's instinct, faithfully records.

While the letter gives a measure of relief to the feeling of uncertainty that prevailed before its arrival, it leaves us in doubt as to what may have passed in the seven months since it was written, and the disturbed condition of the East African Coast gives little reason to hope for information by way of Zanzibar. It is possible, indeed, that the report brought to Stanley Falls by Arabs in February, that Stanley and Emin Pasha were then marching toward Zanzibar with a caravan of several thousand persons, may be true; but if it is, Emin must have changed his mind, Stanley's letter distinctly showing that the explorer preferred to remain in the equatorial provinces.

A BISMARCKIAN EPISODE.

IT was thought important enough, as a conspicuous incident of the recent Parliamentary dinner at the residence of Prince Bismarck, at which the Emperor was the chief guest, to telegraph over the world: "After dinner, Emperor William insisted upon Prince Bismarck enjoying the long pipe which the Chancellor is accustomed to smoke, while the Emperor himself and the other guests smoked cigars, the whole party forming a cheerful coterie." Of course there is a suggestive theme as well as a historical painting in this scenic episode, where the grim old statesman, the chief of his own political household, appears as the *doyen* of the Hohenzollern dynasty receiving the social homage of those chieftains of the Empire he did so much to create and fashion. But it recalls, likewise, many instances in which tobacco and conviviality have become inseparably associated with his great achievements. Most prominent of these, as told in the biography of Bismarck by his former private secretary, Dr. Busch, is the smoke of the single cigar out of which rose the fabric of the North German Confederation, followed by the Empire itself.

It was thus: Bismarck, at the beginning of his diplomatic career, was sent to Frankfort as the Prussian representative of the German Bund. This body met around a large council-table in the Federal city, and was composed of accredited political agents from all of the kingdoms of North and South Germany, and Austria as well, forming a perpetual Congress, with stated sittings, to adjust all the interests and differences of the several States of the Teutonic race. Its deliberations were presided over by the Austrian Ambassador, a haughty and pompous personage, before whose magnificent dictation all the other members of the body were wont to put on meek and docile behavior. But one day Bismarck, with dauntless front, made his initial entrance to the council-board as the Envoy of the Kingdom of Prussia. The Austrian president, at the head of the table, was smoking his cigar as usual. Bismarck handed in his credentials, took his seat, drew forth a delicious Havana cigar, lighted it, and was soon filling the chamber with great banks of tobacco-smoke, to the consternation of the representatives of all the other States, and to the petrified amazement of the grand Austrian chairman. Such a piece of audacity was before unheard of, and the sitting was short; while before sundown the astounding impertinence was made known in every capital of the Confederation and of Europe, and, trivial as the incident may seem, was regarded as a deliberate defiance of Austria. But Bismarck was on hand in his place at the following sitting, with the inevitable cigar in action. Gradually the other members of the body, taking courage by the example, ventured to follow suit, and soon Hanover, Saxony, Bavaria, Wurtemberg and the lesser kingdoms were represented by a man and a cigar. Out of this significant little drama grew a distinct and bitter feeling between Prussia and Austria, culminating in the War of 1866, the decisive battle of Sadowa, and a triumphant peace signed within sight of the spires of Vienna.

Touching this same independent and convivial spirit of Bismarck on great or small occasions, nearly all famous and reliable writers who have been admitted into his inner confidence and private and simple life bear the same testimony—and oddly enough, almost all of these *raconteurs* have been Americans. General Grant's account of his festive meetings with the Chancellor are only exceeded in greater detail and interest by those of General Sheridan, and Motley the historian, who was also an intimate university classmate and welcome guest. In the correspondence of the latter we find glimpses of the Chancellor's domestic life in Berlin and of his recreations on his forest estates, revealing extraordinary phases of character of one of the busiest and certainly the most remarkable man of our time. He writes to Motley in the rollicking prose of a school-boy, addressing him as "My Dear Jack," at a time when he was the foremost figure in the world. Motley's account of the Prince's house in Berlin, where, in the residential part of his mansion, everybody was smoking and drinking whatever they pleased, is certainly not a picture which every statesman would care to have exposed, during his political prominence at least.

However, the spectacle of a Prime Minister, and by far the most powerful and celebrated of his time, indulging, in the presence of his Emperor-Sovereign, in the fumes of a well-seasoned pipe, of appropriate Teutonic dimensions, will serve to show that dynastic entertainments may not, after all, be such stiff and precise formal affairs as citizens of republics are taught to believe, in romance and narration.

BUILD UP THE NAVY.

THE loss of the American war-ships at Samos may prove a blessing in disguise, if it shall stimulate Congress to make liberal appropriations for the navy, with the condition that they shall be wisely expended. This disaster has clearly illuminated the deplorable condition of our naval establishment. There are really no suitable vessels at hand to replace the lost, and no vessels of any kind which can be sent without weakening other squadrons.

For many years it has been recognized that the day of the wooden ship was past, but it is only at a comparatively recent date that a serious attempt has been made to equip our navy with modern vessels. Two of the first series of new steel cruisers are in service, the *Atlanta* at Aspinwall, and the *Dolphin* on the Chinese coast. Two others, the *Boston* and *Chicago*, are at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, the latter preparing to relieve the *Lancaster* in Europe. Of the vessels designed under Secretary Whitney's energetic administration, the *Yorktown* awaits only its electric lights and battery, and before the end of the year the *Charleston* and *Baltimore* should be ready for sea, with armaments described as the best ever placed on American vessels. The battery is to be forwarded overland to San Francisco, and work upon all the vessels is being hastened as rapidly as possible. In addition to the *Yorktown* and the dynamite-cruiser *Vesuvius*, which have had trial trips, and the *Charleston*

and the *Petrel*, which should be ready within a month or two, there are nearly twenty new ships, either planned or in process of construction. The vessels authorized by the Fifty-first Congress include an armored vessel of 7,500 tons displacement, an unarmored cruiser of 5,300 tons, two others of 3,000 tons, a submerging monitor of 3,000 tons, another dynamite-cruiser, and two gun-boats of 12,000 tons. The 5,300-ton cruiser is to show a speed of twenty knots an hour, and the dynamite-boat to reach twenty-one. The plans for these new vessels represent a cost of \$11,000,000. The coast-defense and submarine torpedo-boat will add \$2,000,000 more. Secretary Tracy will also superintend the completion of five double-turret monitors, of the armored vessels *Maine* and *Texas*, six unarmored cruisers, and the Herreshoff torpedo-boat. There will undoubtedly be additional appropriations for new vessels by the Fifty-first and Fifty-second Congresses.

Secretary Tracy's administration will therefore be, possibly, the most active known since the war. He seems likely to conduct his department upon the practical business principles which have governed it for the past four years. But the supply of new vessels is not sufficient to fill the places of the old wooden ships which are rapidly undergoing condemnation. We cannot occupy the various stations, even if we press wholly inadequate ships into the service. Moreover, it must be remembered that the new cruisers are to an extent experiments, and even if they prove fully satisfactory in actual service, as seems probable, they are not fighting ships in the modern sense, but simply unarmored cruisers of high speed. The *Maine* and *Texas* are to be modern battle-ships, but the problems connected with their construction are yet to be worked out. Hero deliberation is absolutely necessary in order to avoid the costly consequences of precipitate action.

The moral of the Samoan disaster is plain. Work must be pushed as rapidly as possible on the new cruisers, and the plans for other vessels must receive special attention. Besides, Congress must make liberal appropriations for the building of ships, the purchase of torpedoes and the protection of the coast.

ROSSUTH DYING.

IT was stated a few days ago in a letter from Europe, as an incident worth a passing notice, that Louis Kossuth is dying in his humble home in Italy. The fact has not attracted much attention or interest, and when the end really comes it will scarcely make a ripple on the current of our modern life. And yet, how this name rang through the world about forty years ago! It will be forty years in August next since the Hungarian Army surrendered, and the great leader of the Magyar Revolution fled to Turkey, and was there placed in confinement. Two years later, on the intervention of the United States, he was liberated and brought here in a Government ship as the guest of the nation. He was received with more distinction and created more popular enthusiasm than any foreigner except, perhaps, Lafayette. He made a magnificent speech at a banquet given by the two Houses of Congress, and then went on a triumphant progress through the cities of the Union, delighting crowds with his eloquence, and yet causing much unfriendly criticism before he got through. People seemed to lose their heads under the spell of the Magyar orator. Whittier invoked him as the "Type of two mighty continents, combining the strength of Europe with the warmth and glow of Asiatic song and prophecy"; and Lowell, still more fervid, provided an epitaph for him in this fashion:

"I Kossuth am: O Future, thou
That clear'st the just, and blottest the vile,
O'er this small dust in reverence bow,
Remembering what I was erewhile.

"I was the chosen trump wherethrough
Our God sent forth awakening breath.
Came chains? Came death? The strain he blew
Sounds on, outliving chains and death."

This was a very fine and appropriate epitaph, but it was premature. Just while Kossuth was preaching his gospel of freedom in America, the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon took place and made all his agitation useless. He returned to Europe in 1852, and after fruitless efforts to excite revolution in connection with Mazzini and others, he engaged in public lectures, by which he amassed a competence, and then retired to spend his life in botany, literature and quiet thought upon the stormy past. And now, almost forgotten by the world in which he was once so striking a figure, he is about to die, alone and in exile, at the age of eighty-seven.

Although the actual end of this remarkable life will now attract little attention, yet Mr. Lowell's epitaph will be full of meaning. The friends of freedom everywhere will note how its principles were advanced by his deeds and utterances, and will remember, although after the lapse of so many years, "what he was erewhile." And they will know, from the history of the last forty years, that Kossuth, in spite of chains, a long exile and a lonely death, was indeed a chosen trump through which awakening breath has been blown over many lands.

WHAT COERCION IN IRELAND COSTS.

IN the Civil Service estimates submitted to the British House of Commons during the present session we have a striking illustration of the folly and absurdity of forcing upon Ireland a system of government detested by the people. The population of Ireland is a little more than four and a half millions; the population of England and Wales is twenty-six millions. For the maintenance of the Irish Police for the current year the estimate is £1,439,371 (more than seven million dollars), while for England and Wales the Police estimate for the same period is £1,458,806. These amounts are about the averages for several years past.

It thus appears that, the proportion of population being taken into account, the work of keeping the peace in Ireland is five times as costly as it is in England and Wales. What is the explanation of this fact? It cannot be found in the criminal records of both countries, for those records show, and it is conceded even by the officials of the Tory Government, that there is vastly more of ordinary crime in England, population being again considered, than there is in Ireland. At the recent Irish County Assizes for the Spring term the calendars presented almost a blank in the matter of criminal business. In many of the largest counties, even in what are called the "disturbed districts," the Judges reported to the Grand Juries that there were only a few cases to be considered, and those not of any serious character. There was not a case of murder in the whole country, except that of Police Inspector Martin in Donegal, who was killed a couple of months ago by an excited mob, while attempting to arrest Father McFadden at his church-door on a charge of "intimidation," which is the legal term in Ireland for the offense of making speeches against the abuses of landlordism.

The explanation of the costly Police force in Ireland can be no other than that that force is maintained, not for the ordinary and proper work of police—namely, preserving the peace and bringing criminals to justice—but for suppressing a national political movement, having for its object the obtaining, by peaceful and constitu-

tional methods, of a system of government of the people, by the people; and for the people, such as is possessed by the citizens of every State of the American Union. The Police force in Ireland is to all intents and purposes a military organization. It has its headquarters at Dublin for drill, and rifle and bayonet exercise. It has its "barracks" all over the country. Its members are uniformed and armed like soldiers of the line, and it is controlled and directed by the Executive Government independently of popular opinion.

In addition to the costly Police there is a permanent garrison of 30,000 of the Regular Army, whose work in Ireland can hardly be supposed to be the defense of the country from the danger of foreign invasion. The truth is, the Army, like the Police, is maintained for internal political purposes. An intelligent people cannot be deprived of the right of self-government except by force, and the Tory party of England persists in keeping close on 50,000 armed men in Ireland for no business except to sustain their policy of coercion, which they know would be an impossible policy under any other circumstances.

It is a policy, however, which cannot much longer endure. John Bull is very sensitive in the region of his pocket. When he is fully enlightened—and the work of enlightenment is going rapidly forward—as to the pounds, shillings and pence side of the Irish controversy, he will very likely pull his purse-strings together and sternly intimate to Lord Salisbury and his party that if they cannot govern Ireland on a cheaper scale they had better throw up the business and leave it to be done by the Irish themselves.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE conditions were never more favorable for a representative display of American art at the Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design than they are at present. Those of the younger artists who were dissatisfied with the conservative course of the Academicians a few years ago have become reconciled to the changed conditions that prevail, and some of them have been elected associate members of the society. The result of this is a greater degree of harmony among the artists, and a more general display of the work of painters of widely different schools.

In the Sixty-fourth Annual Exhibition of the Academy, which is now open to the public, there is little to surprise the visitor by its extraordinary excellence, but a good deal that is interesting and satisfactory in the different departments of pictorial effort. In that of portrait-painting, for instance, to which special attention is directed by the new arrangement of hanging most of the examples together in the east gallery, there are some works of more than ordinary merit. Mr. W. M. Chase, Mr. F. P. Vinton, Mr. E. H. Blackfield, Mr. F. D. Millet and Mr. T. W. Dewing have all distinguished themselves by their productions; and a new-comer in this field, Mr. R. D. Sawyer, sends a portrait of a little girl that is so charming as to deserve special mention. There is an excellent display of landscapes, and the different methods of treatment are well illustrated in the contributions from the elder artists, who show us nature as they see it, and from the disciples of the more modern art that expresses itself in quite a different manner. Mr. George Inness's large canvas, "The Coming Storm," is from every point of view the most important work in this department. The title suggests the possibilities of which the artist has availed himself in striking portrayal of fair landscape and threatening sky overhead. The serene beauty of Mr. J. B. Bristol's "A Quiet Afternoon"; the sunshine and the fragrance of the forest that Mr. R. M. Shurtleff's "When Forest Leaves are Bright" suggests; the pensive sentiment of Mr. R. C. Minor's "Evening"; the picturesque loveliness of Mr. Arthur Parton's "The Reign of May," with its wealth of blossoming trees; and the varied attractions that the landscapes of Mr. Joseph Lyman, Mr. Bolton Jones, Mr. George H. Smillie, Mr. Homer D. Martin and Mr. R. W. Van Boskerck present, are in keeping with what we have been accustomed to look for from these artists; while a long list could be made of works that may justly claim favorable notice, for which there is not room in this place.

A considerable advance in the average excellence of the figure pieces at the Academy, as compared with what was to be seen a few years ago, is noticeable. Some of the examples this season are of striking excellence. The place of honor in the main gallery is given to Mr. Thomas Howenden's "In the Hands of the Enemy, after Gettysburg," a work that tells its own pathetic story of the kindly sympathy and humane treatment that was given to a wounded Confederate after the battle was over, and that shows a technical skill fully equal to the importance of the undertaking. In different directions some of the younger artists are entitled to commendation for their excellent work. Mr. Robert V. V. Sewell has a beach scene, "Sea Urchins," with several youngsters ready for disporting in the water, that is admirable in treatment. Mr. Robert Blum shows a damsel in a hammock with a pale-faced young man by her side, both figures very cleverly drawn, but somewhat lacking in animation; Mr. H. W. Watrous, several examples of his notable skill in miniature *genre* painting; and Mr. Louis Moeller, similar work of high quality. Mr. Wordsworth Thompson sends a capital out-of-doors scene, "The Road to Franconia, White Mountains, N. H.," that shows fine technical quality; and Mr. Theodore Robinson, a lovely figure, "The King's Daughter," beautiful in its suggestion of feminine charm.

The sculpture that is shown this season is of more than ordinary interest. Mr. St. Gaudens contributes a portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson, showing the face in profile and the figure extended on a couch; Mr. Elwell, two excellent busts; and Mr. Olin L. Warner, a bronze bust of an infant that is charmingly expressive.

SENATOR TELLER has been honest enough to attack the solemn farce of secret sessions of the Senate for the consideration of Executive nominations. The Senate represents the people, even if it is a less popular branch than the House, and the people have a right to know the reasons influencing Senators in their action in regard to persons who are to represent the people abroad or at home. Moreover, there never has been a secret session which was really secret. Some truth leaks out, and this is usually mixed with more or less mischievous fiction. One can readily sympathize with Senator Teller's plaint that he is tired of explaining his vote in secret session and then seeing altogether different reasons, attributed to him in the newspapers. Senator Teller may be too sanguine in believing that comparatively few Senators desire to shield themselves from the public gaze, but he is right in saying that public sentiment will not much longer tolerate the closing of the Senate-doors.

A DEMOCRATIC newspaper states that Senator Quay, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is already preparing for the next campaign, and especially on the line of his old plan to carry some of the Southern States. He thinks Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, and perhaps Florida, can be carried next time, and believes that it is the part of wisdom to commence at once his efforts to that end. He is in constant communication, personal and epistolary, with the leading Southern Republicans, and proposes to take a hand in every State election in what he considers the doubtful

ful Southern States between now and 1892, with a view of so building up his party as to make it irresistible in the canvass of that year. Senator Quay has always been regarded as an astute politician, and he unmistakably proves himself so in the policy here attributed to him. The prosecution of that policy intelligently and vigorously will lead inevitably to a disintegration of the solid South and a reformation there of party lines.

THOSE who use telephones will take a lively interest in the statement that the Bell Telephone Company of Boston has applied to the Massachusetts Legislature for permission to double its already gigantic capital of \$10,000,000, and for no other reason, so far as can be ascertained, than to enable it to absorb the enormous dividends which that corporation is said to be earning. Eighteen per cent. was paid last year, and the stock, the par value being 100, is now selling at 226½. Of course it would be considered impudent on the part of the patrons of this flourishing association to suggest that, instead of watering its stock, dividends might be shorn of their inconvenient size by lowering the rent of its machines; but this is precisely what the Legislatures of several Western States have taken upon themselves to do. Indiana passed a law providing for the reduction and regulation of telephone rates, which the friends of the companies have since succeeded in getting repealed; but Illinois proposes to take similar action, and Missouri is also inquiring into the subject. Indeed, the Illinois Senate has already passed a Bill reducing the rate in large cities to \$72, and it has been favorably reported to the House.

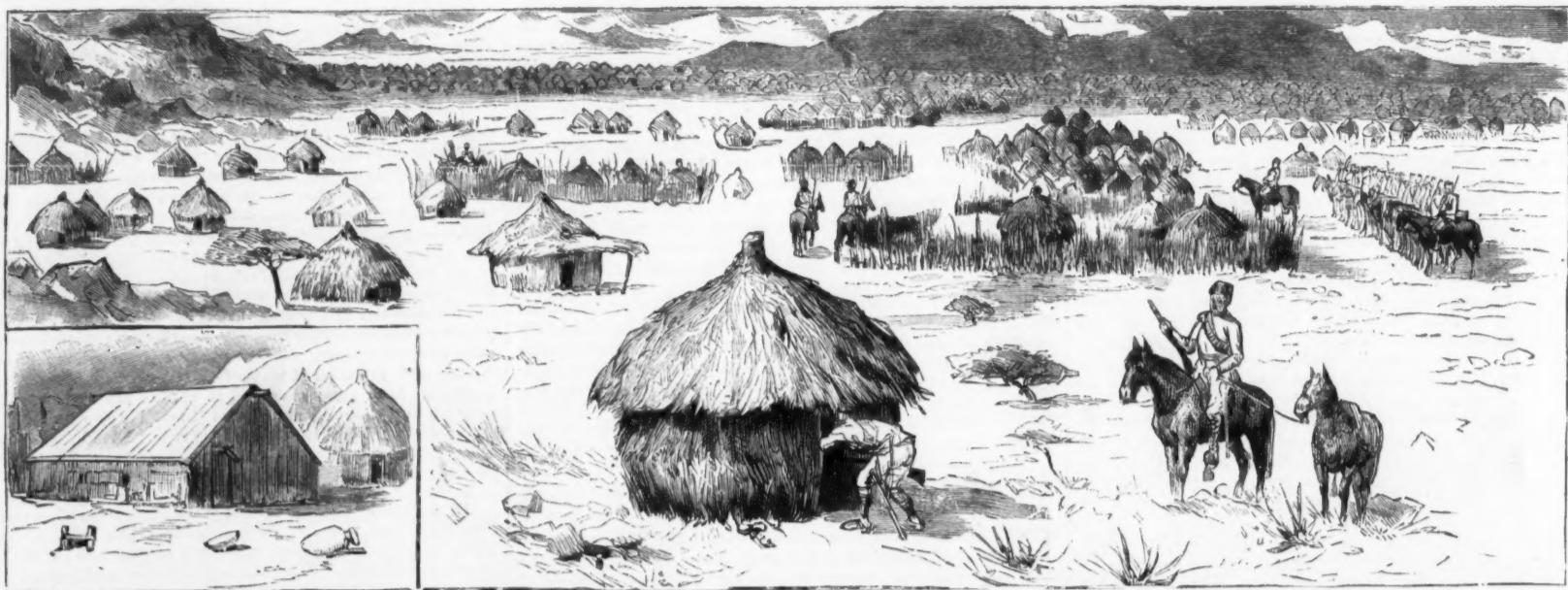
AT the age of about forty-five years, King John of Abyssinia is reported to have been slain in the warfare with which that country has been afflicted ever since the death of Theodore in 1867, when he was defeated by the British forces under Lord Napier. John was a vastly superior chieftain to his predecessor, who was only a weak instrument in the hands of a few cunning foreign residents, who for their own profit kept Abyssinia in constant turmoil, precisely as in Samoa at the present day. But the monarch just killed was a man of fanatical piety, very proud of his descent, which he alleged was in an unbroken line from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The woods of that country are full of these descendants, and when one of the lofty seigniors of the land wishes to insult his neighbor, he asks, with a majestic mien and emphasis, "And whose son are you?" meaning, "I am son of Solomon in the straight line." Whatever may be said of John, his intentions on ascending the throne—which ceremony took place on the plain of Axum in the presence of 3,000,000 of his people—were most pacific. He desired to promote education, to open and foster a foreign commerce, and to bring Abyssinia into the family of civilized States. But civil and foreign wars put him on the defensive, and now the consequences of his death cannot be estimated.

WRITERS of all shades of prejudice who discuss Boulanger, his past, present and future, and his dominance as a Frenchman in this political era, agree that he has a unique and uncertain personality. Whatever he does is in the high art of sensationalism—the Jim-Fiskism of France. Hence his running away to Brussels, in the face of the avowed intentions of the Ministry to grapple with him as a popular factor and adroit schemer, is only one more move in that game of strategic diplomacy by which he hopes to acquire power. However, the statement that the Government proposed, by a pre-arranged conspiracy, to send him to the guillotine is a highly ridiculous assumption. Such an act would surpass the madness of the French Revolution. Nor, on the other hand, is there anything very extraordinary in his flight to Belgium—it is only the repetition of an expedient often employed by the statesmen, princes and kings of France at times of threatened danger; and even Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were well on their way to safe asylum when they were arrested at Varennes, and subsequently delivered to the executioner. Moreover, it is not probable that the cause of Boulanger will suffer any perceptible check from this incident among his own followers, who constitute the noisy and discontented elements of the great cities and industrial districts. The truth is, the conditions which make it possible for Boulanger to be what he is must go on to a logical conclusion before he is cast down and out.

THE result of the Rhode Island election is both surprising and unsatisfactory. The law in that State requires an absolute majority of the votes cast to elect, and this was obtained by only one of the candidates—Slocum (Democrat), who received a majority of 778 for Attorney-general. The election turned on local issues, and chiefly the question of resubmitting the prohibition amendment to the Constitution to the people. The declaration of the Republicans in favor of resubmission led to the formation of a new party called the Law Enforcement party, which nominated a candidate for Governor, thus giving four candidates—Ladd, Republican; Davis, Democrat; Richardson, Prohibition; and Chace, Law Enforcement. In the battle that ensued, Davis received 21,350 votes, but there were 21,898 votes for the other candidates for Governor, and therefore there is no election by the people. It now goes to the Legislature; but here another complication arises, there being (under the majority rule) no election in sixteen cases. As a result, neither party has a majority on joint ballot, and another election must be had in each of the sixteen districts. The State officers, the twelve district judges of the State and their clerks, who are elected this year for a three years' term, all hang in the balance. Both Republicans and Democrats in Rhode Island are in favor of the resubmission of the prohibition amendment to the people, and that proposition will probably prevail, no matter where the victory as to the State officers may fall.

THE sectarian-school issue has been raised at Albany by the introduction of two or three Bills which touch the principle involved, the most important being the Bill introduced by Assemblyman Blumenthal. This Bill provides that the schools of the Roman Catholic Protectory, in Westchester County, and the Episcopal institution known as the Sheltering Arms, shall be added to the list of schools and institutions which already share in the public-school moneys. It has been shown, however, that the latter institution has been included in the provision of the Bill against the wishes, and in spite of the protests of its officers and of Bishop Potter and others, and the Episcopal denomination cannot be held in any way responsible for it. Divested of all disguise, this is simply another attempt to secure public money for Roman Catholic schools. Mr. Hoguet, President of the Catholic Protectory, argues that it is a benevolent institution caring for waifs and outcasts, and entitled to public aid. So is a Jesuit college a means of furnishing much valuable mental discipline; but we are not quite ready yet to give public money to sectarian education, whether it be Roman Catholic, Hebrew, Episcopalian or Presbyterian. There can be no misunderstanding upon this point. Our common-school system is a cornerstone of the American system of government. The Church and the State have been, and must be, distinct in this country. It is time for our Roman Catholic friends to understand that public money is not to be expended on sectarian schools. The principle involved will not be abandoned.

Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 155.

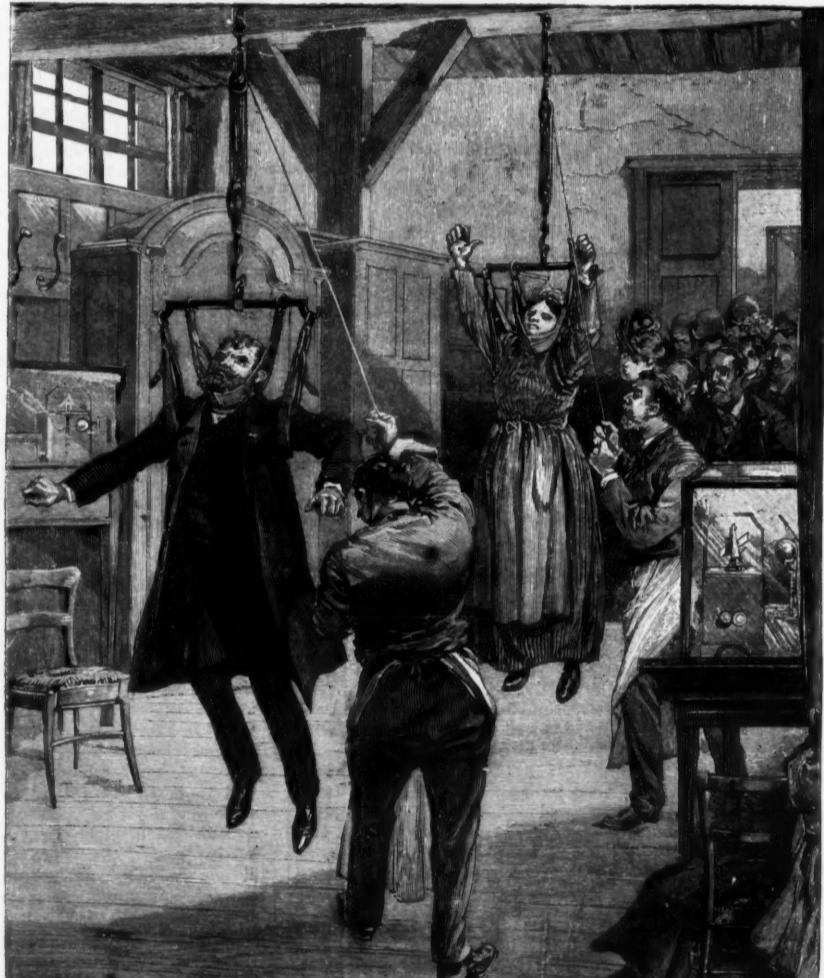


Hut of the Mahdi's Nephew.

EGYPT.—THE CAMP OF OSMAN DIGNA, AT HANDOUB, NEAR SUAKIM.



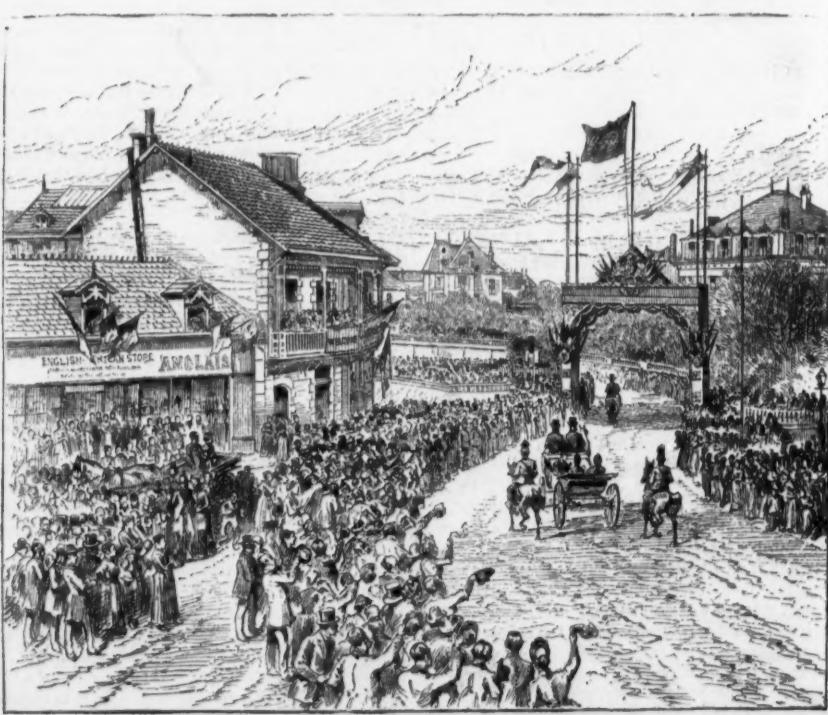
SERVIA.—FORMAL AbdICATION OF KING MILAN, IN FAVOR OF HIS SON, ALEXANDER I.



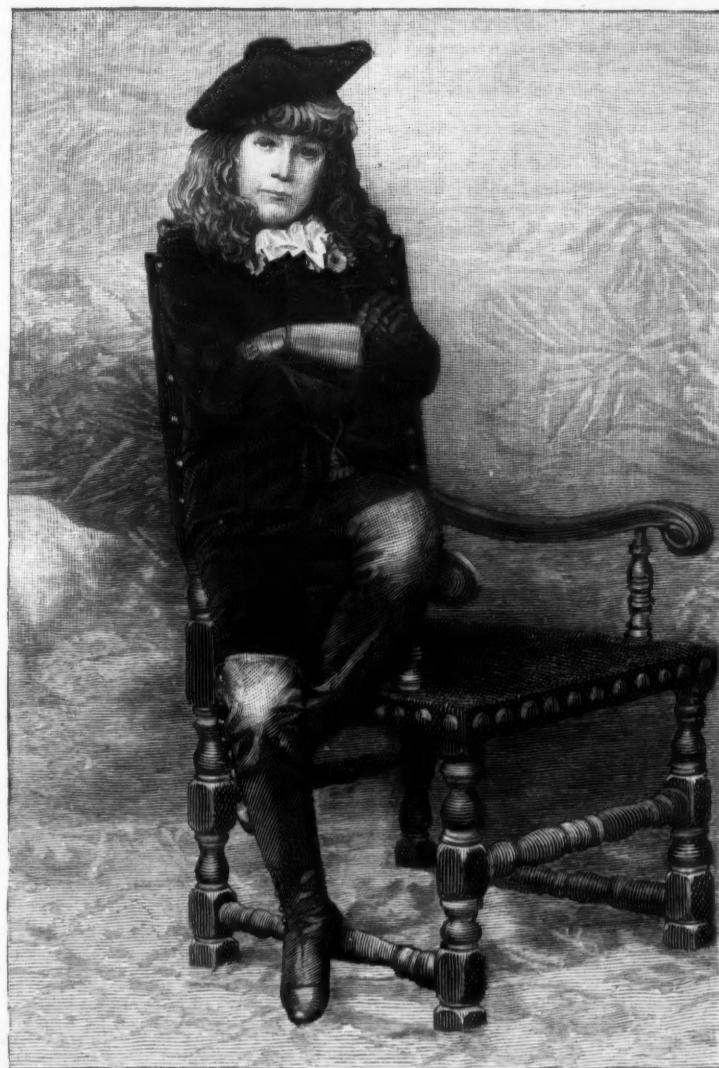
FRANCE.—NEW SUSPENSORY TREATMENT FOR NERVOUS ATAXIA, AT THE SALPETRIÈRE HOSPITAL, PARIS.



FRANCE.—GENERAL BOULANGER'S SPEECH AT TOULON.



FRANCE.—ARRIVAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT BIARRITZ.



NEW YORK CITY.—TOMMY RUSSELL AS "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY," IN
THE PLAY OF THAT NAME.
SEE PAGE 155.



UNIFORM WORN BY GEORGE WASHINGTON WHEN HE RESIGNED THE COMMAND
OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MD.
SEE PAGE 155.



RESIDENCE OF I.W. HELLMAN.



SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.—A VIEW OF MAIN STREET, IN THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES.
FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 154.

UNREALIZATION.

HE came to me day after day, When joy no longer was my stay; He came unbidden and unsought, And to my life sweet comfort brought.

His words were few, yet each to me Was full of wondrous sympathy; While ever on his gentle face There beamed for me Love's tender grace.

Still, all unconscious was my heart He would become of me—part— So much of self—to prove, indeed, In every hour a gracious need.

Until, one day, all suddenly The angel of sad ministry Descended at my door, and said, With faltering tones, "Thy friend is dead!"

Dead! dead! And should I no more hear That voice, or see the face so dear? Or feel that presence through whose spell My inmost being was made well?

Now, amid my tears and loss, When all my joy was turned to dross— Ay, in that hour of new-made grief, When no one came to my relief,

I realized too well—at last— Recalling all the happy past, How much of my own life was he Who never more would come to me!

GEORGE NEWELL LOVEJOY.

THE CHIDESTER BROTHERS.

BY THEODORE MARCH.

THE first time I ever heard of the Chidester Brothers, Molly Hayes spoke of them to me. "Have you seen the Chidester Brothers?" she asked, never giving me a chance to answer. "Oh, Jennie, they are too splendid for anything! They are as handsome as they can be."

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Oh, they have been in town about a week. They are at Tomlinson's, and they drive a beautiful pair of blacks in a light wagon."

"But who are they? I declare, Molly, you never stop talking long enough to say anything."

Molly laughed. She has the sweetest temper—and did stop a moment.

"They are"—she said, slowly—"oh, I don't know who they are, except just the Chidester Brothers; nor what they are, except—dentists."

"Dentists!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, dentists. They are traveling from place to place in their own carriage and practicing as they go. They enjoy traveling, and like to study the country and the people, you know. They have two offices at Tomlinson's, but they drive out into the country and call, and they will go to any one who sends for them. It is very convenient, now, isn't it?"

"But I never heard of such a thing! At least, not among real dentists. Who told you about them?"

"Told me? Why, they told me."

"Molly Hayes! Do you know them?"

"Yes, indeed! I was introduced to them at church last Wednesday night, and they have called twice. Aunt Eliza has ordered a set of teeth from them. I wonder they have not been here!"

"They need not trouble themselves," I said, dryly.

Molly blushed crimson and changed the subject. Soon after she went away.

Well, that was the beginning of it. The whole country went wild on the Chidester Brothers after that, and every one who came near me had something to say in their praise. The very fence-rows seemed to whisper of new teeth. I was busy just then, for mother had been quite ill, and, when she was able, father and Jim had taken her away for a trip. I was keeping house and ruling over the boys—doubtless with wisdom, and certainly with great wear and tear of mind and body. We lived two miles out of Meadowside, a lovely old country town, and although the girls were very good in coming to see me, and sending me notes and books and patterns by their brothers, little and big, I was not "in the swim" of the busy town life and fun as usual. I had to rely on the gossip of callers.

Molly Hayes did not come after that first mention of the Chidester Brothers, but I heard, from her brother George and from the other girls, of her being often with those gentlemen and very much pleased with their attentions. To every one except George I freely expressed my opinion of such chance acquaintances.

"I don't like strangers, anyway; but when it comes to strangers you don't know—"

"Hello, Jennie! Got you there!" cried Jack the cavalier. "They wouldn't be strangers if you knew them, would they?"

"And who are sort of twin 'Cheap John' brothers," I went on, superior to the interruption. "I can't understand any girl receiving their attentions, or even ranking them among her acquaintances."

"But, Jennie, they are so pleasant and so handsome, and really quite like gentlemen," mildly remonstrated Susie Brown, who was calling.

"Like! But I want the men I know to be gentlemen, and I don't believe a gentleman would think of peddling either teeth or tooth-brushes. One is of no higher grade of business than is the other."

"I think you are right," observed Mr. Heming, Susie's escort, and the very quiet assistant of Mr. Brown, our druggist.

Mr. Heming had been a stranger a year before this, but he had come to Meadowside well recommended. Besides, he was so very plain, it would never have paid him to be anything but "eminently respectable."

"Of course I am right!" I cried. "Why, these men may be part of a gang of burglars, instead of

gentlemen or men of honest and honorable calling. What if they should be some of the scamps who broke into Dr. Scott's house, over in Lebanon, and carried off his instruments and his new dentist's chair? I know they shouldn't come here as they go to so many houses, particularly with father and Jim away. I should never have a moment's peace!"

"I should think you would feel timid as it is," remarked Susie, with a glance round the room. We were eating fruit in the dining-room, where the sideboard and buffet were crowded with silver and pretty things.

"Where do you keep all these?" asked Mr. Heming. "You surely do not leave them exposed in this way during the night!"

"Oh, no, indeed! They are all carried up into mother's room. Mine is next to it. It is a terrible nuisance, and if they were mine I should just leave them here. The house is safe enough."

"You have burglar-alarms, I suppose?"

"No, we have not. Father talks of getting them, but there it stands—at talking."

"Then you do not sleep alone?"

"Indeed, I do. The boys are in the nursery and the servants in the attic. But I like to be alone. Dear me! I don't think I could stand it without a few hours to myself. Listen! That's the way it is from morning until night. Just excuse me while I settle them."

I ran up-stairs, and when I came down, Susie and Mr. Heming were ready to take leave, and waiting under the hall-lamp.

"I believe this will be a match," I thought, as I kissed Susie. "And really," carrying on the same thought as I went slowly up-stairs again, "I don't see why it would not be a good thing. Susie is certainly a quiet, pretty little thing! And he is not half such a fright as I thought him. There was quite a glow in his eyes to-night. Usually, he is as dull as ditch-water. Not much like those everlasting Chidester Brothers."

As I set my candle on my dressing-table, I saw reflected in the glass the scornful curl of my lip at the mere thought of those Cheap Johns, as I had named them. No respectable dentist would do such a thing as this business of theirs. Where did they get the means to live as they did, while they carried it on? Puzzling over it, I fell asleep and dreamed of—Mr. Heming and Susie mixing and rolling pills together upon mother's silver salver.

Two weeks later, a party of the young people came out to spend the last evening of my loneliness with me. Father and mother were coming home the next day, and I was heartily glad of it. Jim was in Boston, finishing his trip with some college friends. Among my guests of the evening were Susie Brown and Mr. Heming, Molly Hayes and one of the Chidester Brothers! I could hardly believe my eyes. But Molly was as unconcerned as possible, introduced him with that little air of hers which always says to me as plainly as words, "See what I have caught!" and rattled away all the evening as usual. As for him, he behaved very well, and although I did not exchange words with him after the introduction, I must say I enjoyed looking at him on the sly. Nothing I had heard of his looks had done him justice.

They all staid late. Mr. Heming and Susie were the first to leave, and Molly and the Chidester the last. After they had crossed the door-step, I saw him pause and glance back at the hall and the stair-way. It was a peculiar and searching glance, and gave me a chilly sensation of fear and dread. My suspicions were all renewed and strengthened. For I will confess, the man's noble face and bearing had influenced me, even in the one interview. Under the effect of that last glance, however, I had all the silver gathered up most carefully, and packed in several baskets, and I concluded to sleep in mother's room instead of my own. Moreover, I opened the doors between the nursery and our rooms. I was not at all mindful of the delights of utter loneliness. I went back and forth several times to the tumbled beds in the nursery, envying the rosy sleepers, and it was late indeed before I joined them.

Almost instantly, it seemed to me, I was broad awake again, and looking straight before me at a terrible, terrible sight.

There was a light in the room—a pale, uncertain, flickering light which streamed upward from the floor at the foot of the bed, and cast strange shadows on the ceiling. The door into my room was shut, but the one into the hall was wide open, as well as the window beyond it, opening upon the porch-roof. I felt the night-wind from it blowing over me. I think that woke me, and not any noise or movement, for I lay perfectly still and calm until my scattered senses returned and I knew what to fear.

"Burglars!" beat my frightened heart. "The Chidester Brothers!" came choking into my tightened throat.

I had too much sense to move or scream. I lay still as death, only drawing long, even breaths as if sound in sleep, and using my eyes for all they were worth. The shadows on the ceiling showed that things were being taken up and put down—our silver!—by gigantic hands, but all other outlines were so confused, I could distinguish nothing. How long the time, how deadly cold the chills of terror that swept over me, no one will ever know who has not passed through it all.

Suddenly, I heard a sound—a sound which filled me with sickening dread. The boys were awake—were moving—were calling me.

The burglar sprang to his feet, light and noiseless as a breath, and stood poised and ready, his back toward me. There came the quick patter of little feet. He turned—his lamp flared up. In the glass opposite, above the mask which had doubtless slipped as he sprang up, I saw the face of the "eminently respectable" Mr. Heming!

Involuntarily, I uttered a sharp cry. Then, I closed my eyes and felt myself sinking away into helpless, hopeless terror. But the door into my

room flew open with a bang, I heard Jack shout and Nutty scream; a rustle, a thud, a pistol-shot, confused voices, trampling of feet, and tremendous pounding and kicking on the porch.

Just let any one try "this sort of thing," and see how quickly events follow each other, and how many different sounds they can hear at one time!

I sprang out of bed, and the chaos began to resolve itself into some kind of order. Jack and Nutty were both telling me that there was a carriage at the door; the burglar was gone through the window and evidently into the hands of his enemies, for above the confusion down-stairs I could hear Jim—our brother Jim—roaring for the hall-door to be opened. Some one was pounding away on it lustily. I seized Nutty and Jack, as soon as I had hurried into my wrapper, and trembling in every limb, we rushed down the long hall and stairs. The hall-lamp was burning, as usual. I hastily unbolted, unbarred and unlocked the great front door, opened it with a jerk, and threw myself into the arms of the Chidester Brothers.

"I thought it was Jim!" I cried, starting away.

"Jennie! Thank God!" cried Jim, snatching me to him, as he rushed in. "Are you all safe? No one hurt at all?"

"No one! And nothing taken!"

"Just in time!" exclaimed the Chidesters.

"Just in time!" echoed Jim. "Boys, I can never half thank you!"

There were others trooping in and standing round me with startled and admiring faces. A dark and compact group wore uniform and carried themselves with the easy manner of men to whom nothing was new or shocking. In their midst, hatless and pale, and oh! how ugly, mean and common, I saw Mr. Heming.

I know now there were not more than five or six men altogether, but that night they seemed to fill the hall.

"Jennie, you are shaking with a chill!" cried Jim. "You must go to bed at once. I'll take you up—for I tightened my hold on him—and call the servants for you. I expect they are too frightened to come out of their rooms. Just make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen; I'll be with you in five minutes."

He marched me to my room, and called nurse.

"Oh, Jim, one moment, please! Where did you come from? And who are the Chidesters?"

"First-rate fellows—my class, you know. They telegraphed me. But I can't stop, really. I'll be up again as soon as I can get away."

Then I covered my head among the pillows and had a good, hard and frightened cry. For I was frightened, now that it was all over. Nurse did her best for me by sending the boys to bed and keeping the doors closed. By the time Jim tapped for admittance I was quiet and ready to hear his story.

"Well, Jennie, we've made a big haul. That rascal is the master-spirit of the gang which has been at work round here for a year or two. He's an old hand at it, and his engagement with Mr. Brown was one of his clever dodges. He is a druggist, as he is half a dozen other things, but his letters were forged. The Chidesters saw him once in Boston when he was on trial, and they knew him at once when they saw him here. They are wide-awake, both of them. About a week ago they heard something—I haven't got at the bottom of it yet, but two men who came to Tomlinson's for the night had something to do with it—which put them on the track of to-night, and they wrote to me, but they had to make it a cautious letter, and asked me to hold myself in readiness for a telegram, but not to come without one. I was at their cousins'. They telegraphed last night, and met me at the train at the next station. Syd says he was here last evening, for he was half afraid I might not get home, and he thought he had better look round a bit in case anything should come off to frighten you. By the way, how is it you never met before?"

"But why did he not tell me, or some one?" I asked, passing the question.

"Wanted to catch the scamp, of course. And there was no danger, really. They did everything in first-class style."

"Worthy the Chidester Brothers," I said, with a little sneer.

"Brothers? Why, they are cousins—double first, to be sure, and enough alike to be brothers. Rich as Jews both of them, too."

"Then, why are they dentists?" I asked.

"Dentists?"

Jim's tones brought me upright in bed.

"Yes, dentists. And traveling dentists at that."

I never heard any one laugh as Jim did. I waited and waited for him to get through and tell me the joke until I was fairly cross. At last he wiped his eyes, and with only an occasional chuckle, out it came.

They had laid a wager that they could leave Boston in their own carriage, and drive for six mouths east, west, north and south, just as they chose, taking no money with them and sending for none, but living honestly by their wits.

"Not a soul in Boston believes they are keeping to the terms of the wager. They had not heard of them for a month when their letter came to me. What a pair they are! The idea of Syd and Cyril! They have had larks! Wait until I see them tomorrow! But you had better get some sleep. I am glad mother missed this. Good-night."

Of course, I did not sleep until daylight. And, of course, I thought of the Chidesters.

We did not see them the next day. They went off in answer to a telegram, leaving a note for Jim. The other Chidester Brothers, the real ones, their respective and respectable fathers, had found them out and issued an edict of recall. They entreated Jim to keep their secret "until the excitement passed off," and to make their apologies to me. "And pray tell her she was quite right. I thoroughly respect her for her refusal to countenance the Chidester Brothers"—so the note ended.

"That last was Cyril," said Jim. "He is rather the finest nature of the two. He would never have

thought of such a trick. But Syd can start them. I would like to see Lucy's face when this came out at home. It is Lucy Thorne I mean. She is their cousin."

Lucy Thorne is now Mrs. Jim. And when the Chidesters came back—as they had to, to the trial of my burglar—Well, I might as well tell it in a word—I belong to one of them. Cyril Chidester found respect a very good foundation for warmer feeling. So he asked me to overlook his folly, and sink the remembrance of it in his fame as "a rising lawyer." I overlooked it. And I am "rising" with him.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

EXPERIENCES OF A TRAVELER IN SEARCH OF HEALTH RESORTS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES (CITY OF ANGELS) AND ITS ENVIRONMENT, ETC.

LOS ANGELES, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
April 2d, 1889.

THE traveler from the East who arrives in Los Angeles will find himself at home. Los Angeles is an Eastern city, with Eastern methods and a majority of Eastern people. A busy population of 85,000 souls is collected here. The city wears a metropolitan aspect. It has none of the peculiarities of a Western city. There is a degree of elegance and tastefulness about it notable in the cities of the East. Considering its age, no other large city in America is so well cleaned, so well paved, so brilliantly lighted. Large factories tower above the chimneys of the houses and resound with the roar of machinery. There are, according to the report of the Chamber of Commerce, 582 manufacturing establishments in the city, the aggregate value of whose products exceed \$10,000,000 annually. The city is, however, more of a commercial than a manufacturing centre. Los Angeles is adorned by broad and well-built streets, and by many graceful and stately buildings worthy to stand on Broadway itself. Every known facility possessed by New York or any of the cities of the East will be found in Los Angeles. It would be useless to enumerate her miles of paved streets, her miles of flagged sidewalks, her street and cable-car lines, her miles of gas-lamps and electric lights, her educational, charitable and benevolent associations. The city is growing so rapidly, having actually doubled her population within the past two years, that the enumeration of to-day would be out of all proportion a short time hence.

THIRTY YEARS AGO!

Thirty years ago Los Angeles was one of the most unpromising villages in this country—a village of mud (*adobe*) houses, with here and there a few dilapidated two-story frame buildings. Nothing at that time indicated its future greatness. Yet there was one man who then joined its almost Mexican population of mixed Mexicans and Americans, and believed she had a future. That man



ISAIAS W. HELLMAN, BANKER, OF LOS ANGELES.

was Isaias W. Hellman, now the President of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank. A member of the Hebrew persuasion, and with that

this country are rarely hidden by mist or rain. Here the sun shines out in all its glory; the landscape has a freshness and warmth of color seldom found in other latitudes. The palms love the soil. The broad head and drooping arms of the Mexican pepper-tree fill, along the roads, the sunny openings that the stately shaft of the Australian eucalyptus has failed to shade. The turf is of livelier hue than elsewhere. The hills glow with a richer purple, the varnish of the leaves of both cypress and acacia is more glossy, and the flowers of brighter colors peep through foliage of a brighter green. The land is well cultivated, the cattle are numerous, the neighborhood is well wooded. The mansions and fine villas cover the summits and slopes of the many hills which overlook the broad valleys. Lovers of the picturesque will find many beautiful spots to linger in. This country is enriched by industry, embellished by taste, and pleasing even to eyes accustomed to the well-tended fields and stately manor-houses of England. Wherever one turns from Los Angeles toward the country the scene presents a vast expanse of rolling hills with their villas, groves, orchards, trim flower-beds, and, in the distance, mountains ranging from 6,000 to 12,000 feet in height.

PASADENA.

Toward Pasadena, nine miles from the city, the jaunts for the traveler lie over gently undulating ground rich in natural verdure, and presenting panoramas of beauty unequalled in the world, and presenting also the picture of a hive of industry. The railroad reached it only four years ago, and from a small village it immediately sprang into the dimensions of the third city in Southern California as regards population, and the second in wealth. It is twenty-two miles from the ocean, in the San Gabriel Valley, with an altitude of 900 feet to 1,600 feet. Pasadena is protected on three sides by lofty mountains—the Sierras, with their tints of purple and red, the peaks of San Jacinto, San Antonio and "Old Baily," in Winter, capped with snow reaching up from 8,000 to 12,000 feet. Elegant homes and residences, generally surrounded by groves or vineyards, are seen on every hand, with a wealth of flowers and semi-tropic vegetation rich beyond description. The inhabitants number from 12,000 to 15,000, consisting mainly of people of the highest culture and intelligence. The town possesses many handsome business blocks, with fine ecclesiastic-

all parts of the country being attracted by the spectacle of a Cabinet officer officiating as a teacher and expounder of the Bible; but the eruptions do not seem to disturb in the least the object of the popular curiosity, who remains under all circumstances a simple, genuine and unpretentious Christian gentleman. The picture on page 149 is from a sketch made by a special artist, and tells its own story.

WASHINGTON'S UNIFORM.

WHAT an ironical lesson on the mutability of life, in the fact that the greatest of men may not last as long as his clothes! The garments that a man has worn absorb something of his personality, and so form a kind of intimate memorial after he has passed away. It is no wonder, therefore, that the uniform of George Washington, as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, should be an object of patriotic interest and veneration. The familiar buff-and-blue coat and small-clothes—the identical ones worn by Washington when he resigned his commission at Annapolis in 1783—are carefully preserved in the National Museum at Washington, where the photograph was taken from which our engraving on page 153 is made.

NEW YORK CANCER HOSPITAL.

THE NEW YORK CANCER HOSPITAL is the first and only institution in this country built and maintained exclusively for the treatment of cancer. It occupies the Eighth Avenue front of the block of ground between One Hundred and Fifth and One Hundred and Sixth Streets, embracing in all between eighteen and twenty city lots. The present pavilion is only for females. By the liberality of Mr. John J. Astor, a pavilion is being erected for male cases. The buildings are in the style of architecture of an old French château, that style having been adopted because of the round towers, which give the maximum of light and air, and likewise avoid, as far as is possible, all corners in which the seeds of disease may lurk.

Mr. and Mrs. Astor, General and Mrs. Cullum, Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, Mrs. Rogers, the late Mr.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

OSMAN DIGNA'S CAMP AT HANDOUB.

OSMAN DIGNA's camp at Handoub, whence he recently retreated to Tokar, was composed mainly of grass huts. It was about one and a half miles long and three-quarters of a mile broad, and must have been capable of containing from 12,000 to 16,000 people. Most of the huts were inclosed by grass fences in groups of from three to thirty huts. Many were made entirely of sleepers and rails taken from the old Berber railway. No attempts seem to have been made at fortification. The bush was cleared for about a mile round the camp, though probably more for the purposes of fuel and thatching than for any military reason. Osman's own home was a very neat grass hut, and apparently he did not care about being disturbed by unwelcome visitors, as between his *salon* and his hut there was a regular fence made of wire entanglement through which there was only one entrance at the side. The best-made hut belonged to a nephew of the late Mahdi Mahomed Ahmed. It was constructed almost entirely of wood, the sides alone being of very neat grass matting.

THE ABDICATION OF KING MILAN OF SERVIA.

An interesting picture is given of the somewhat dramatic scene in the Metropolitan Church of Belgrade, on March 7th, when King Milan of Servia abdicated the throne in favor of his young son, Alexander I. Before the venerable Theodosios Mraovich, Archbishop of Belgrade and Metropolitan of all Servia, and the chief dignitaries of Church, State and the Army, the King read his proclamation, renouncing the throne in favor of his son, and instituting the Regency; and then, bending one knee, he solemnly took the oath of obedience and fidelity to the boy-King.

NOVEL TREATMENT FOR LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA.

The peculiar suspensory treatment for *locomotor ataxia*, or nervous derangement affecting the muscular system, which was originated by the Russian physician Motchoukowsky, of Odessa, has been lately introduced in the great Parisian hospital of La Salpêtrière, where Dr. Charcot has conducted some very interesting clinical experiments. Pa-

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

NEAL Dow has been appointed a Commissioner for Maine to the Paris Exposition.

MR. PARNELL has been elected an honorary life-member of the National Liberal Club, London.

MR. ROBERT GARRETT, having abandoned his Mexican trip, has returned to Baltimore in fairly good health.

It is understood that W. O. Bradley, of Kentucky, has declined the Corean Mission, to which he was nominated a few days ago.

The widow of General Grant will accompany her son, Colonel F. D. Grant, to Austria, when he goes there as United States Minister.

The death of Louis Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, who for many years has led a quiet life at Turin, is momentarily looked for.

EX-Secretary ROBERT T. LINCOLN has accepted the appointment of Minister to England, and will sail for his post of duty about the middle of May.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, the actress, sailed for Europe last week. She is much improved in health, and her friends hope for her complete recovery at an early day.

THE KING OF ITALY has conferred a Senatorship upon Professor Ascoli, the great comparative philologist. There are four other Jews in the Italian Senate, all very distinguished men.

IT is said that the Richmond (Va.) Postmastership has been tendered to the widow of "Stone-wall" Jackson. Mrs. Jackson recently declined the Postmastership at Lexington, Va.

THE nomination of Murat Halstead to be Minister to Germany was rejected by the Senate, six Republicans—Dawes, Quay, Evarts, Teller, Ingalls and Plumb—voting against confirmation.

THE Emperor William's birthday-present to Prince Bismarck was an enormous hound, designated to take the place of the Chancellor's famous "Reichshund," who died some time ago.

GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET is living in Washington. He looks like the late Emperor William, having a fine figure, imposing presence, broad face, high forehead and flowing snow-white side-whiskers and mustache.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was last week appointed, by Judge Patterson of the Supreme Court, New York city, one of the Commissioners of Estimate and Assessment in the matter of High Bridge Park, a position that carries with it a good deal of honor, but only the moderate remuneration of four dollars a day.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has declined the Tory nomination for the seat in Parliament made vacant by the death of Mr. Bright. The Gladstonian nominee is Mr. Phipson Beale, a respectable Chancery barrister. The oldest son of John Bright, who is a Liberal Unionist, will bear the standard of that party in the struggle.

CONGRESSMAN C. B. BRECKINRIDGE is vigorously co-operating in the attempt to discover the assassins who killed his competitor, Colonel John M. Clayton, in the Second Arkansas District. He has supplied the necessary funds for the prosecution of the official search, and all possible efforts will be made to bring the guilty ones to justice.

THE Emperor of Germany, not content with getting up at 5 a.m., and breakfasting at 6:30 with his family, has now had a writing-table, such as is used by invalids, placed at the side of his bed, and it is his practice when he cannot sleep, which is frequently, to take pencil and paper and begin making notes of the following day's work.

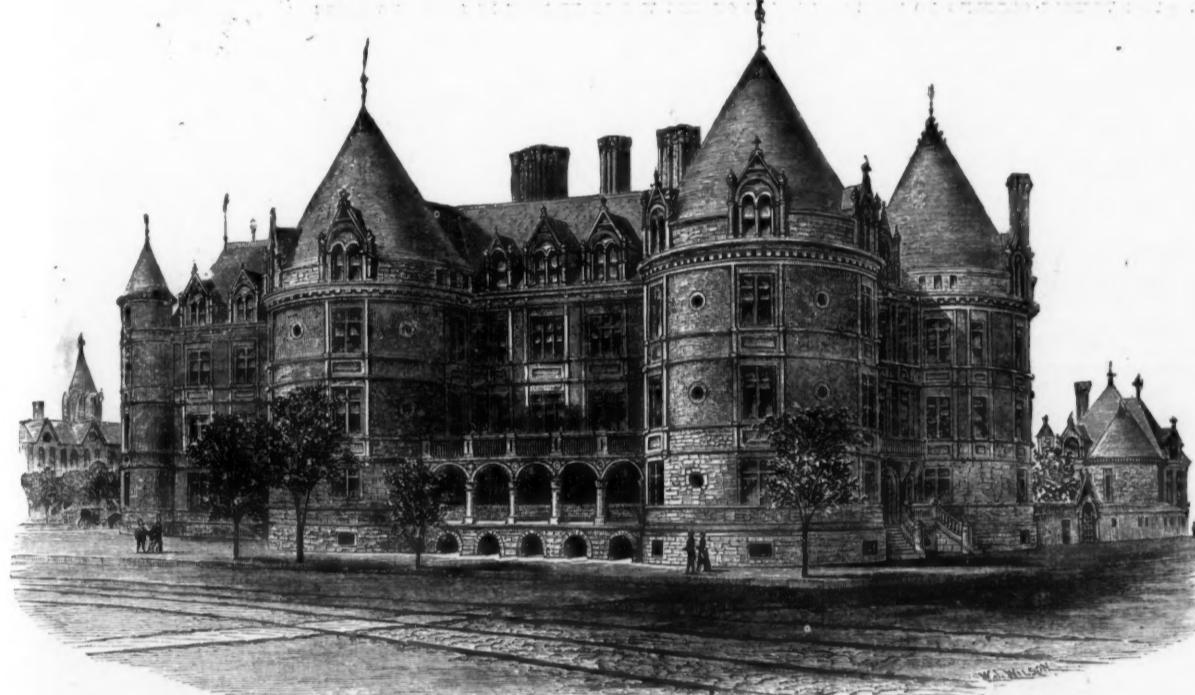
EX-ATTORNEY-GENERAL GARLAND has hung out his shingle, and will spend the rest of his days in Washington, D. C., practicing law. He has a pleasant home of his own on Rhode Island Avenue, a sensible and attractive young daughter to keep house for him, and a host of friends, so that his private life is likely to be as agreeable as his public life was before he went into the Cabinet.

IT has now been definitely settled that the visit of the German Emperor to England is to take place at the end of June, when the Queen is at Cowes. A flotilla of eight German iron-clads will accompany him, and he will be welcomed by his grandmother officially as Emperor. Although it is improbable that he will visit London, naval manœuvres on a large scale are likely to take place during his stay.

A PROFOUND sensation was occasioned on Thursday of last week by the announcement that Mr. Edwin Booth, the distinguished actor, had sustained a paralytic stroke, the night previous, while on the stage of a Rochester theatre. The play was stopped, and the statement went out that Mr. Booth would never play again, but it turned out that his illness was less serious than at first reported, and at this writing his recovery is confidently anticipated.

THE appointment of Mr. Robert J. Fisher as Assistant Commissioner of Patents is strictly in line with Civil-service Reform ideas. Mr. Fisher has been an employee of the Patent-office for many years, beginning at the foot of the ladder and obtaining his promotion as the result of hard work, strict attention to the discharge of his official duties, and remarkable aptitude for the work in which he was engaged. He knows the needs and requirements of the office thoroughly, and will be a valuable aid to Commissioner Mitchell.

AMONG recent nominations by the President are the following: Jno. T. Abbott, of New Hampshire, to be Minister to the Republic of Colombia; Edwin H. Terrill, of Texas, to be Minister to Belgium; John B. Henderson, of Missouri, Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York, William Pinckney Whyte, of Maryland, Clement Studebaker, of Indiana, P. Jefferson Coolidge, of Massachusetts, William Henry Trescott, of South Carolina, Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania, John R. G. Pitkin, of Louisiana, Morris M. Estee, of California, and J. H. Hanson, of Georgia, to be delegates to the Conference between the United States of America and the Republics of Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo and the Empire of Brazil, to be held in Washington in 1889; James N. Huston, of Indiana, to be Treasurer of the United States; Ellie H. Roberts, of New York, to be Assistant Treasurer at New York city; William F. Wharton, of Massachusetts, to be Assistant Secretary of State; George H. Shields, of Missouri, to be Assistant Attorney-general; Robert J. Fisher, of Illinois, to be Assistant Commissioner of Patents; Drury K. Burroughs, of Kentucky, to be Marshal of the United States for the District of Kentucky; Captain George R. White, United States Navy, to be Chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks; L. Bradford Prince, of Santa Fe, N. M., to be Governor of New Mexico.



THE NEW YORK CANCER HOSPITAL, EIGHTH AVENUE AND ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

tic buildings and an Opera-house of great beauty. High above all the houses of the valley, like some feudal castle of the olden time, stands the justly celebrated Raymond Hotel, surrounded by graded approaches, ornamented by grounds and parterres cultivated to the very highest point of perfection. If there is a more comfortable, home-like and entirely sociable hotel anywhere, somewhat extensive travel has not made us acquainted with it. The service of this hostelry has reached a high point of perfection, and it has throngs of visitors from all parts of the world. It belongs, as its name indicates, to Raymond, of Boston excursion fame. It is managed by the Merrill Brothers, of the old "Crawford House," White Mountains. As hotel-managers, these two gentlemen, by long experience, have arrived at what may be called simply perfection. The guest who leaves the Raymond leaves it with a mental reservation that he will surely come again.

D. J. K.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL WANAMAKER'S SUNDAY TALKS.

THE Postmaster-general is a busy man. Giving six days in every week to his public duties, he devotes his Sundays to the more congenial work in church and Sunday-school with which he has long been familiar, and in which he has found both enjoyment and reward. It was supposed, when he assumed the responsibilities of his present important position at the national capital, that he would abandon, temporarily, the superintendency of the Bethany Sunday-school in Philadelphia, but this has not proved to be the case. Mr. Wanamaker, on the contrary, spending every Sabbath with his oil associates, giving direction to the school and teaching his adult Bible class of several hundred members. When it is remembered that the school has 2,600 scholars on its rolls, and that it is Mr. Wanamaker's habit to attend to every important detail, it is easy to understand that the task he imposes upon himself is no ordinary one, and we can only account for its cheerful performance on the assumption that he finds it a means of personal growth and refreshment rather than a burden. On several recent Sabbaths the number of visitors to the Bethany Church and School have been more than ordinarily large, strangers from

Joseph W. Drexel, and other prominent persons, have been friends and liberal contributors to the funds of the hospital. It is in need of money for current expenses.

Its Board of Managers at the present time is as follows: Mr. John E. Parsons, President and Acting Treasurer; A. Brayton Ball, M.D., Secretary; Robert Lenox Belknap, George P. Andrews, Mrs. Paul Dahlgren, Mrs. L. C. Jones, Mrs. George C. Clarke, Mrs. Joseph H. Choate, Miss Laura Post, Mrs. Theodore Cuyler, James B. Hunter, M.D.; W. T. Bull, M.D.; Clement Cleveland, M.D.; F. P. Kinneicut, M.D.; George M. Tuttle, M.D.

MASTER TOMMY RUSSELL,
("LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.")

TOMMY RUSSELL is a sunny-haired, dark-eyed and delicate-featured little man of nine years, who, in addition to his wide circle of personal friends and acquaintances, is known to and admired by a very considerable portion of the public as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. He impersonates that juvenile hero in the dramatized version of Mrs. Burnet's story which at present holds the stage at the Broadway Theatre, New York city. He and Elsie Leslie take turns in doing the part. Both are uncommonly fair and gifted children, and identify themselves with the character to an astonishing degree of triumphant perfection; but if comparisons must be made, we are bound to say that, while Elsie acts *Cedric*, Tommy is the little lord himself. Of course he has the advantage of being a boy—and a fine specimen of a boy, too, with clear-cut features, a lithe figure, long, supple limbs, and a ringing voice. He has been on the stage two-thirds of his life—that is to say, six years. Among his first appearances on the stage was that as one of the children in "May Blossom." He does not come of a theatrical family, though he has two sisters who are actresses, one being Annie Russell, the charming *ingénue* of the Madison Square Theatre. His mother is a very gentle and lovable lady; and it is partly due to her, no doubt, that the petted and admired Tommy has not been spoiled, but is the same modest little gentleman in private life that he invariably is before the foot-lights.

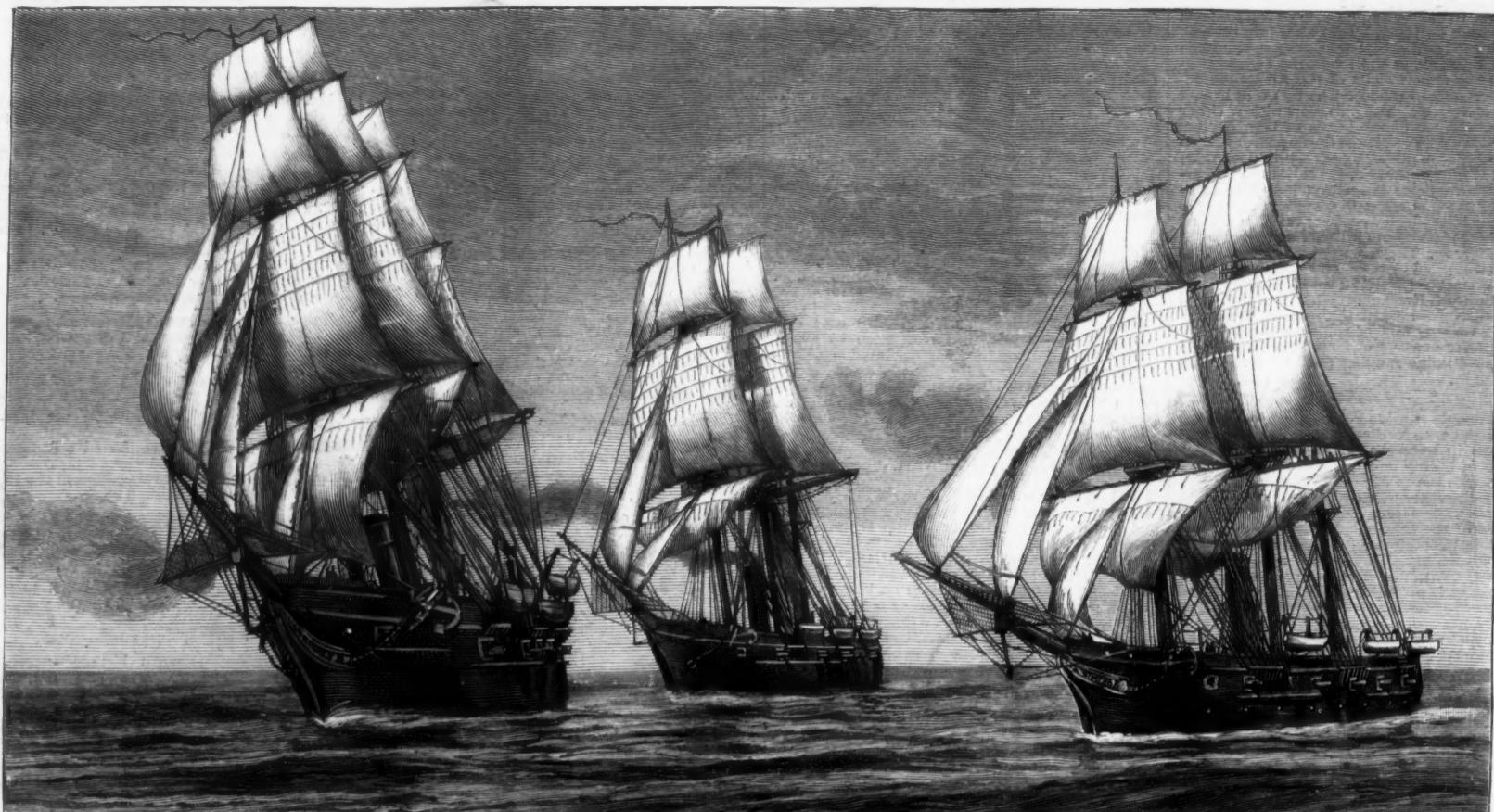
tients are placed in a kind of harness passing under the armpits, and with the head strapped up in a leather bandage, as shown in the illustration. By means of a pulley they are hoisted in mid-air, and there held suspended for periods of from half a minute to four minutes. This treatment is said to have resulted in decided amelioration in most of the cases experimented with, though its permanent value cannot as yet be regarded as determined.

GENERAL BOULANGER AT TOURS.

General Boulanger's departure from Paris for Belgium, last week, presumably to escape prosecution at the hands of the Ministry, caused an excitement in the French capital which has not yet subsided. His last notable public appearance on French territory was at the Tours banquet, on the 21st ult., of which an illustration is given. The general's speech on this occasion was a forcible one, and attracted wide attention. He vigorously repudiated the accusation that he coveted a dictatorship, and was equally energetic in denying that in any form he was the tool of the Imperialist and Monarchist parties—"the chief who is to lead those parties on to the storming and destruction of the Republic." "I am certain that they are deceiving themselves," he continued, and then expressed his firm opinion that from the appeal to the country for which they were laboring in common, though with a different end in view, "the Republic will come forth triumphant with an overwhelming majority."

QUEEN VICTORIA AT BIARRITZ.

A sketch, reproduced from the *Illustrated London News*, depicts the arrival of Queen Victoria at the fashionable French watering-place of Biarritz. It is on the Bay of Biscay, near the Spanish frontier, which the British sovereign crossed a fortnight ago to pay a visit to the Queen Regent Christina of Spain, at San Sebastian. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg occupied seats in the Queen's carriage as she entered Biarritz, and a cavalry escort accompanied it all the way to the Villa La Rocheboncauld. The Queen drove through the principal parts of Biarritz. The hotels and private houses were decked with flags; two or three triumphal arches were also erected at the entrance to the town, and the streets were crowded with English people and natives.

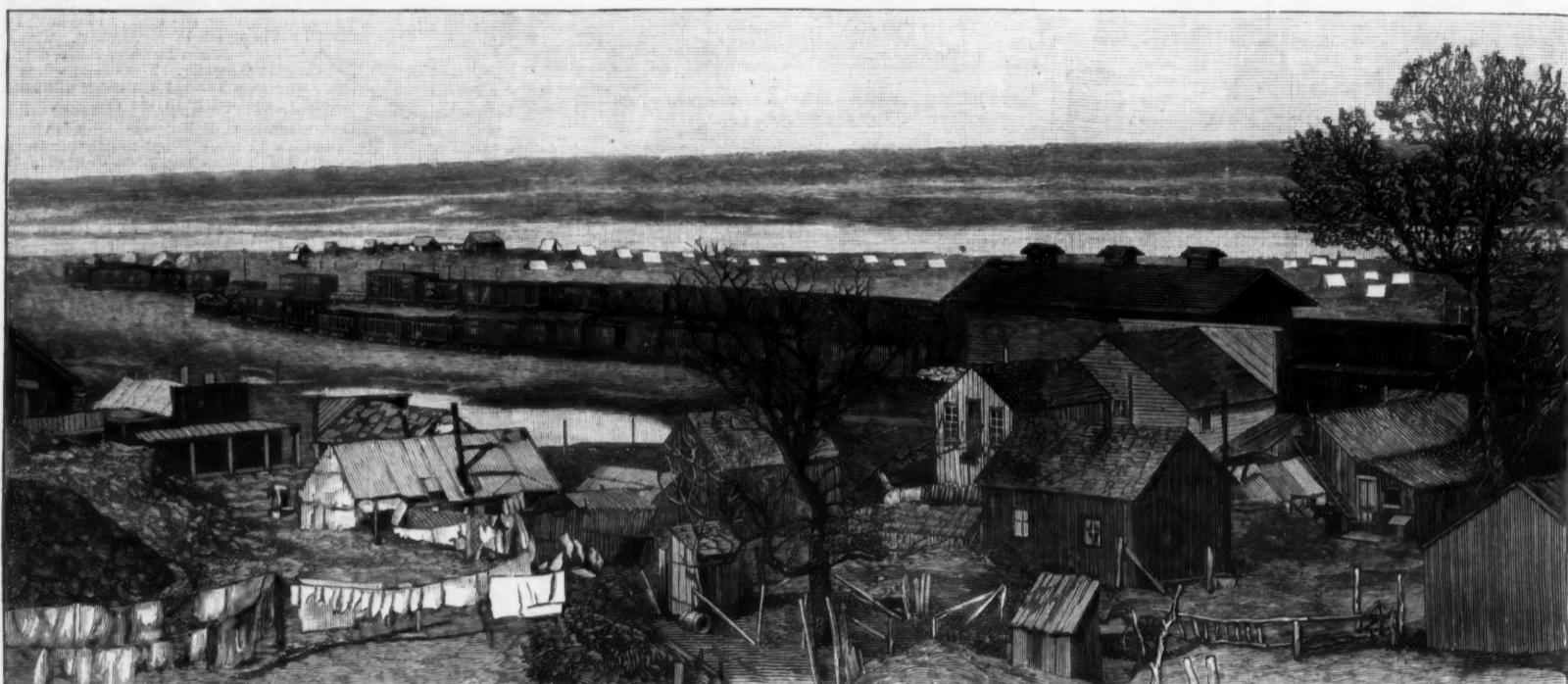


The "Richmond."

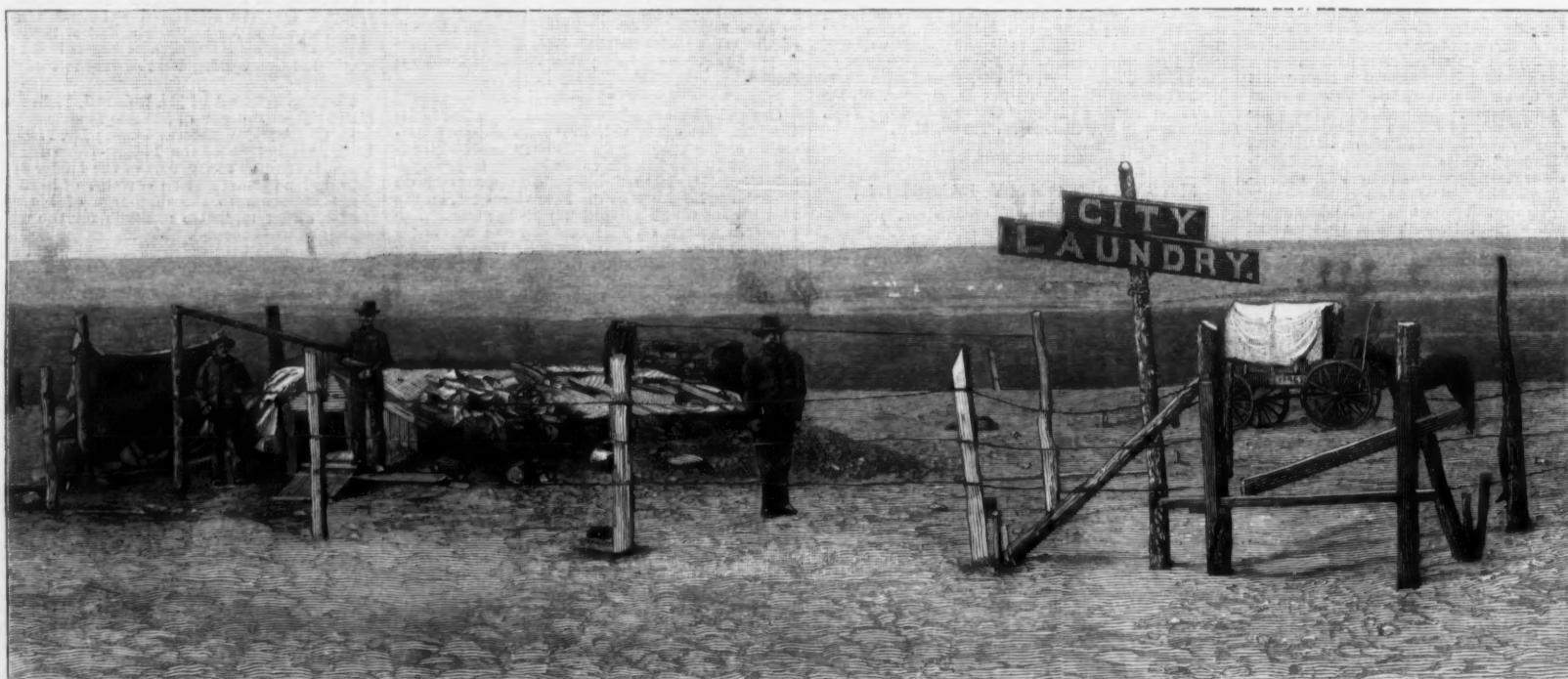
The "Alert."

The "Adams."

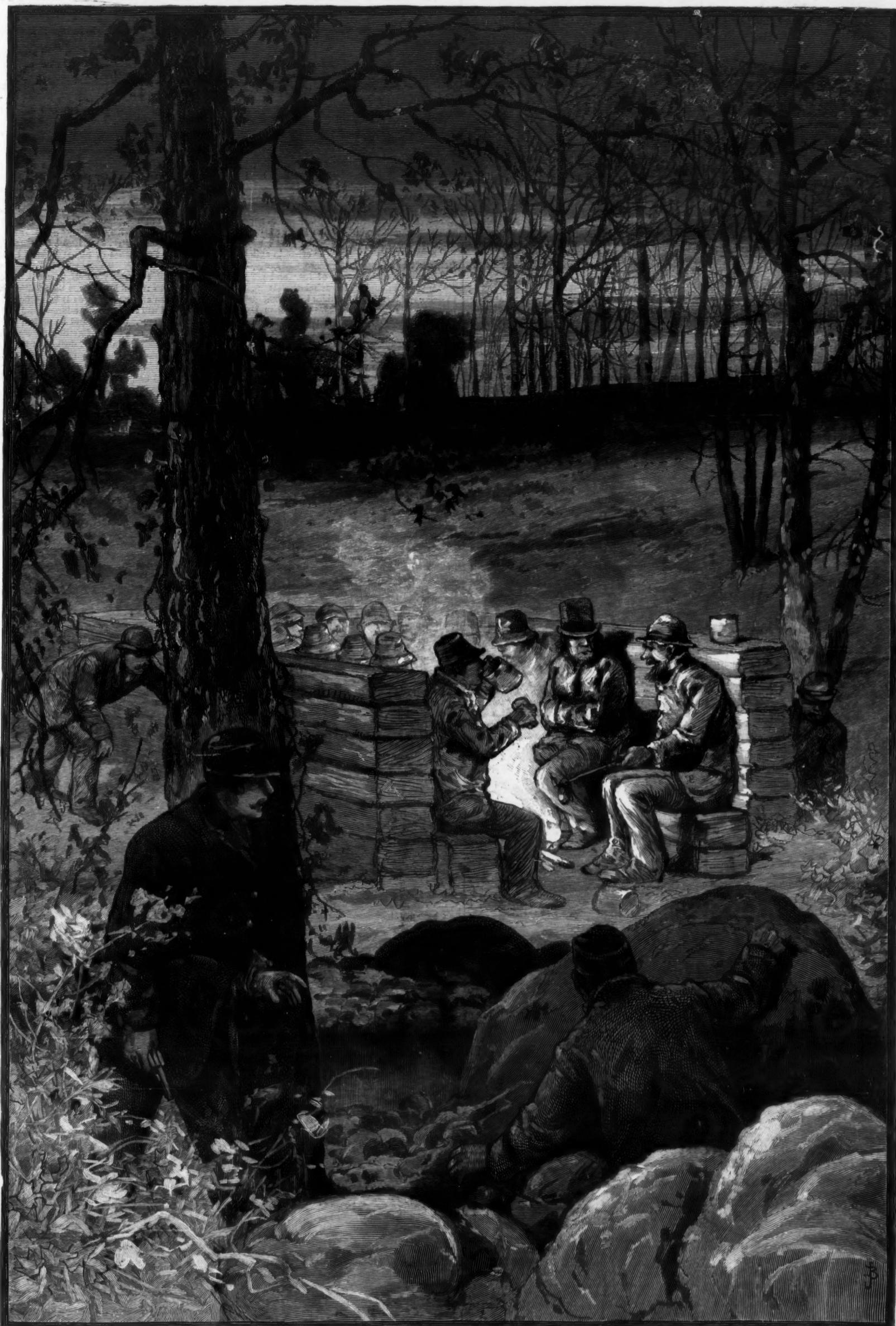
OUR DEPLETED NAVY.—THE VESSELS ORDERED TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE WAR-SHIPS LOST IN SAMOAN WATERS.
SEE PAGE 158.



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF PURCELL, INDIAN TERRITORY, WITH BOOMERS WAITING FOR THE 22D OF APRIL, "OPENING DAY" IN OKLAHOMA.



EVIDENCES OF CIVILIZATION AND CLEANLY HABITS AMONG THE OKLAHOMA BOOMERS—THE CITY LAUNDRY AT PURCELL, INDIAN TERRITORY.
FROM PHOTOS. BY MITCHELL & DE GROFF.—SEE PAGE 158.



NEW JERSEY.—THE CRUSADE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY AGAINST THE TRAMP EVIL—DETECTIVES SURROUNDING A CAMP OF THE VAGABONDS NEAR RAHWAY.

FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 159.

For Dayber's Echo:

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.

BY CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED).

ARNOLD ANSON had lost William Flintacre. For days he had heard nothing which even a lively imagination could construe into a clew. Had the man been dead, and buried in some nameless grave, he could not have been more utterly lost to Anson's power of search than he now seemed to be.

"I must see Maude again," he said to himself, "and make sure that things are not all going against me at Dayber's Echo. Besides, if William Flintacre really loves Maude, as I suppose very likely he does, he may return to Dayber's Echo, or to the neighborhood, himself. I shall have two objects in returning there, the satisfaction of the two strongest passions of the human heart—love and vengeance! I—*I suppose* it will be expecting too much to look for unqualified success in both these pursuits; so I shall be satisfied, for the time being, to succeed in one. And as for the one it shall be—I wouldn't choose if I could!"

So Dr. Arnold Anson set out for Dayber's Echo. It happened that Anson was a couple of days nearer, as routes and rates were then, to the home of the Daybers, than William Flintacre was when at Valley Park Academy, or, rather, the town just below. But it happened, too, that Flintacre started for Dayber's Echo in the early morning of the day following his interview with the student of Professor Vincent Basic, and that that was a little more than two days before Anson made and acted upon his own resolution respecting a visit there.

I cannot explain fully why Flintacre made up his mind to return to Dayber's Echo. It hampers an author sorely to get hold of a character who won't be frank and honest with himself, in his own mind, when the writer is looking into his soul to determine the motives and springs of his actions.

And you cannot make me believe that Flintacre was as frank with Flintacre as Flintacre could have wished himself!

Mr. William Flintacre wasn't satisfied. Did you ever know any one who was?

Had any one told him, an hour before it happened, that events would completely exonerate him from all blame in connection with the awful deed of which he had so long supposed himself guilty, he would have said that such a thing, if it could possibly happen, would make him entirely satisfied. But it didn't.

He would have said he had nothing else in life to look forward to. And—

But perhaps that was almost true.

His sense of freedom was great and overpowering. He could not rejoice enough. He would return to Dayber's Echo—because he might! He would return—because it was safe! He would go—because he could help Maude and hurt her lover more by so doing than in any other way! He did not say that he would go because he had any hope of winning the love of Maude Dayber, but I think he was wild enough to cherish—unacknowledged—such a hope after all. I think that, without it, he would never have determined on a return to Dayber's Echo.

Can you wonder? Can you blame him? I cannot. He is not the first man who has been tracked to his doom by those wise enough to search near the residence of some lovely woman. Humanity must change suddenly and markedly, or he will not be the last.

Flintacre brought the telegraph into requisition before he started on his journey. He could not be satisfied to wait until he visited some of the large cities before he used the columns of the great dailies issued there. He could not endure the loss of the time which waiting would necessitate; he would not risk the delays which his accidental death or injury would entail. So he telegraphed a modest little personal to each of a dozen or more newspapers, printed in a half-dozen or more of the largest cities in the United States.

You may have seen, and long ago forgotten, the little and seemingly meaningless message he thus sent out to the world. And, since it is so long ago that your curious search might fail to find it, I will copy his advertisement here:

"PERSONAL.—Prettyman's deed to Valley Park Academy was recorded yesterday."

That was all. Was it not enough?

It was enough to call a horrible oath across the lips of Dr. Arnold Anson, half-hour after he was in the car on his way to Dayber's Echo, and to cause him to crush an almost unread newspaper into a shapeless wad and hurl it out of the window, to be torn and crushed by the hurrying wheels of the train.

"And yet," he said, resolutely, his head erect and his lips compressed, "I'd make that count for little—or nothing—if I had that fellow Flintacre where I could be sure of his silence. As long as I can hold my own with Nathan Dayber, and as long as he is not declared insane, they may put all the documents they please upon record. And, if the worst comes to the worst, the owner of Valley Park Academy is my mother, and I'll move heaven and earth but what I'll find a way to prove it—if it ever becomes necessary to do so. She is my mother; I hated and despised her when I was a child; I ran away from her, for even in infancy we had no thoughts nor feelings nor affections in common; and—and—I will own Dayber's Echo, come what will!"

Fifty miles from Dayber's Echo an acquaintance of Anson's entered the car. Anson made room for him, and the man sat down beside him.

"What's the news?" asked Anson.
"Nothing, I think."
"Do you know how things are going at—*at home?*"

"At Dayber's Echo? I suppose that means home to you? Every one is saying that you're to marry Maude, you know, and then it will be your home. Why, I guess things are going on in the same old way. There's been another doctor—"

"Who?"

"I don't know. Don't be so dreadfully sudden. I don't suppose Miss Maude would look—"

"Suppose you keep silence about Miss Maude, if you please, and—"

"Why, certainly, sir. I am sure I meant no offense."

"For whom did they call in the physician?"

"I don't exactly know. I guess it was for the boy. He is a delicate fellow, isn't he?"

"Somewhat delicate," assented Anson, feeling greatly relieved. He was quite willing that they should call in a physician for Lionel; he was not averse to learning that the physician arrived too late. But to have Maude sick—or to have the old gentleman visited by a competent physician—he could not bear to give either of those possibilities any thought.

"By the way," said the man, suddenly, "your old friend went up to-day."

"My old friend?"

"Yes; Fentaker—Fan—what was his name?"

"Flintacre?"

"Yes."

"Gone to Dayber's Echo?"

"I suppose so. He went up on the afternoon train. And, well, good-night, this is my station," as the engine whistled and the train began to slow up at the station which is located some twenty-five miles from Dayber's Echo.

"H-m!" said Anson to himself, when his gossipy companion had left the cars, "so you have returned to Dayber's Echo, have you, Mr. William Flintacre? You have come back to see Miss Maude, I presume? I wonder whether you will be kind enough to give a little of your valuable time to me?"

He alighted at the station, drew his water-proof closely about him, for a slow and sultry rain was steadily falling, and answering all offers of carriage service with a decided negative, he started on foot for Dayber's Echo.

There was little to be seen this evening, very little; the fields and meadows were merely blanks of blackness; the trees were ghostly shadows; the sky was an empty abyss of darkness. It was in strong contrast, this night's walk, to the last time he had walked to Dayber's Echo. It was even worse than the hurried journey he had taken when he last left Dayber's Echo. But Anson smiled as he remembered the events of that night; he smiled as he thought of the interview he would have with the unwilling Flintacre.

He came within sight of the great house. Only a few lights showed through the night. One in Maude's room, one in the library, and—was it so? or was it not?—no—yes—he was sure of it—one in the room which had been his—the room which had been warm and ready for him that other night of his unexpected home-coming.

It touched him, this evidence of thoughtful care for himself, as he believed it to be, and he mentally resolved that he would even be lenient with William Flintacre—if that individual would undo the mischief he had done, and give sufficient assurances that he would do none in the future!

He moved slowly up the walk. He had much, very much, to think of. Would Maude open the door for him, as she had done that other night? Would she be glad to see him? Did she still believe in him; in spite of that ungrateful traitor, William Flintacre, or was she still ignorant of the—the lies he had told? Would he see the same light in her eyes that had once shone there for him? Would the same sweet, piquant face be archly inclined to one side, and her full, ripe, red lips be lifted—half coyly and half invitingly—toward his? He would take her in his arms—to-night! He would kiss her—to-night! He would, to-night, win her consent to an immediate marriage, for there was no knowing what unfortunate complications might arise in the immediate future, and he was tired of running risks and taking chances! He reached the end of the walk. He went up the steps. He laid his hand on the bell-pull.

"It's too much to expect that it will be Maude, I suppose," he muttered, as he brushed the clinging moisture from his face. "I must be patient, and wait a little. But I do hope it won't be a servant."

He gave the bell a vigorous pull, and the sound of it seemed to echo and re-echo through the great house.

And—be patient, Arnold Anson, be patient! Your wish will be gratified—one of your wishes! No servant is coming to open the door!

Steps came slowly along the hall, steps as light as Maude's, but hardly as firm and steady and buoyant as he would have expected hers to be; soft steps, quiet steps—the steps of a woman—or of a man who had learned to be silent and stealthy. Steps that puzzled, frightened and annoyed.

And the door opened.

Dr. Anson and Dr. White faced each other over the threshold of the great mansion at Dayber's Echo.

Dr. White had been telling himself, for a day or two, that he expected an episode like this, while Arnold Anson had never dreamed of the possibility of such an encounter. And yet it was Anson who recovered his self-control first.

"Good-evening, Dr. White," he said, pleasantly, and almost as naturally as though their meeting thus were the most common and every-day sort of thing imaginable. "I think I'll go in and up to my room, and—"

Dr. White took a step forward. He raised both

his hands, and placed them firmly against Anson's breast.

"I was your friend, Arnold Anson," he said with sad emphasis, "and I'll do fairly by you now, even though you have so bitterly and deeply injured me. If you've anything to say—say it; I'll listen. If you've questions to ask—ask them; I'll try to answer. But you cannot enter this house; you can never enter—"

Anson laid his hand in contemptuous strength on Dr. White's shoulder.

"Do you think, old man," he demanded, "that you can keep me out?"

"Probably not. I am not so young and quick and strong as I was once. But there's help handy, if I need it. Do you think, everything considered, that you can afford to be arrested and examined on a charge of assault?"

"I suppose not," replied Anson, sullenly; "but I know that Nathan Dayber wouldn't have me kept waiting here. Tell him—"

"If Nathan Dayber could speak, Dr. Anson, I think his words would prove yours untrue. But I shall not trouble to ask him. He will never be troubled by you again. Nathan Dayber is dying!"

Anson recoiled a step.

"Nathan Dayber dying?" he cried, in agitation.

"Of what is he dying?"

"Of worry and sorrow, of fear and grief, of real troubles enough to have shaken a strong man, as well as of imaginary troubles too strong and too many for his terrible weakness. Nathan Dayber is insane; he is dying insane; he has been insane for a long, long time. There has never been the slightest possibility of his recovery since he first fell into the power of the disease which has slowly done with him the worst which any disease can do with any man—I say the *worst*, for death will be a blessing to him when it comes. There has never been any hope in his case; I hope you have skill enough to have known that all the time; God knows I pity you if you have had doubts, and yet have done as you have done. The best of medical skill could not have saved him—so you are not guilty of having murdered Nathan Dayber! It might have made his last days easier, without doubt, and perhaps have lengthened his life a little, but that is all. You have not killed Nathan Dayber, but you have hastened—"

"It's a lie, Dr. White—a base and senseless lie. And you are a fool! I am going in. I am going straight to the bedside of my old friend and benefactor. I shall take charge of his sick-room, and restore him to health. As for insanity—you've lived with it so long that you cannot tell it from sanity."

"I admit that I am not always certain," responded the doctor, significantly; "but there is no room for doubt in this case. The evidences of serious and incurable brain-disease are so patent that any man of sense, doctor or not, would recognize them at once."

"And you've recognized them. I suppose I must no longer deny," sneered Anson; "but, seriously, I am the legal representative of Nathan Dayber for as long as he lives, unless he chooses to revoke the powers and authorities he has conferred upon me. And I am the betrothed husband of his only daughter, and—"

"I think, Dr. Anson, that the condition of Nathan Dayber's mind has not been such, at any time since you first knew him, as to make any such steps as he has taken in regard to your legal and binding," said Dr. White, quietly. "I think that the revocation of your powers, and the conferring of them upon another, which has recently happened, is as legal as was his former act—and that is not at all! At any rate, we have possession, and we propose to keep it; if you attempt fraud, you'll find us watchful; if you attempt coaxing and wheedling, we know you—now—too well to have it count at all; if you try force, we can more than meet and match you. I tell you, Dr. Arnold Anson, you are not coming into this house; if you think you have any rights and equities in the matter, you can test your opinions—later—in the courts."

"But Maude, my promised wife? Will—will—she—"

"I think you know that Miss Maude Dayber has always loved and obeyed her father. I feel sure that you realize that obedience has been her one ingrained and predominant trait. I do not doubt that you are aware that she would follow, to any bitter and regretted end, and at any cost to her own feelings, any death to her hopes or loves or ambitions, any vagary her father might set up as her rule and guide—any course of conduct he might command. I may say, then, that Maude fully approves the course her father has taken in placing another man than yourself at the head of his business affairs, and in saying it I am only repeating a truth which your own life under this roof must have taught you is commonplace and usual. I may add, though, that in my own opinion her judgment and wishes are now fully in accord with those of her father."

"Does—does Maude know her father's condition?"

"Yes and no. She does not know that he is insane, or that he has been; she is not aware of the dread malady which killed Nathan Dayber long ago, and which will soon kill the body in which Nathan Dayber once lived; she does not know that the mental lapses she sees are more than the usual and quite-to-be-expected accompaniments of the illness which is wasting and wearing away his body; the painful scenes she witnesses in his sick-room affect her no more than it would to look at a fever-stricken patient and listen to the wild words of his delirium; she thinks she sees an effect, rather than what it would be hardly wrong to call a cause. No; she does not know that her father is insane; perhaps she never will; it may be better so."

"It—may—be—better—so," echoed Anson, his head bowed forward upon his breast. But whether his words were those of friendly good-will, or of

crafty cunning—catching wildly and wickedly at every possible chance for winning aught for itself—I cannot say.

"It may be," repeated Dr. White; "I am not sure. But she knows her father is dying. She knows his hours are numbered."

"And who is the man in charge of his business now? Is it you?"

"No, indeed. I am more than busy attending to his illness. The man is—*Gerald Graeme!* Would you like to see him?"

"Curse Gerald Graeme! Yes, I would like to see him and settle—But no, I have no time now. I will settle with him later. I will not see him to-night."

"Very well. And now, the hour is late, the night is wet, and I am tired. I have stood and talked long and patiently with you—longer and more patiently, I dare say, than you would have done with another in my place. Shall I close the door, and let you go? Will you give me the credit of having treated you as well as I could, and of having remembered that we were friends once?"

"Wait a minute, please. Is there anything else I ought to know? Any messages—"

"There's one letter, so I heard Graeme say—a letter with the names of Smart & Swift upon it, and—"

"No; don't trouble yourself to get it. I am in no humor to read a letter from Smart & Swift to-night. I am angry enough as it is, without that. Sometime I will send you my address, and you can forward it to me. Unless," and he smiled sardonically, "I find some way of getting my star in the ascendant again. And now, doctor, is there anything I can do for you? You have been kind to me, rather kind, as the world goes, considering the fact that I am, at the present time, decidedly down and undoubtedly out."

"Yes," replied Dr. White, gravely; "there is one thing you can do. Take off your hat, please, and turn your face so that the light falls upon it. There, that is right; let me have a minute so. That is all; thank you."

"Do you think you can read my character in that way, doctor? Please tell—"

"Not this time. I think—that is, I am afraid—that I understand that well enough already. I was wondering whether I could guess at a name that would fit you better than Anson does!"

"Oh!" cried Anson, his tone one of great chagrin and surprise, and then—doubtless the reader will find it easy to trace the mental suggestion—he asked. "Have you seen anything of Flintacre to-day?"

"Nothing."

"Good-night, then. I suppose—that—Mrs. Dayber—"

"Mrs. Dayber has been telegraphed for. She will arrive to-morrow. She comes, free—and alone. Shall you try to prevent it, or to—"

"Oh, God! No!" cried Anson, passionately, as he turned and ran down the steps, and dashed hurriedly away along the wet walk, while the great door of the hereditary house of the Daybers clang'd loudly behind him.

"Beaten, baffled, destroyed," he cried, turning to shake his clinched fist vengeance in the direction of the house, "in all points but one. I will have Dayber's Echo; I will; I will. In spite of all the Whites and Graemes and Flintacres and Maudes, I will have Dayber's Echo. As sure as I am the son of Della Dayber, this great estate shall be mine—and soon! She took her risks when she let her cursed greed and covetousness so dominate and sway her whole life and her every purpose as to stamp her unrighteous desire on her unborn child! She knew the chances she was taking when she allowed me to be born into a world in which there was no mother love waiting for me! She knew better than to rejoice, perhaps in the very hour in which I first saw the light of this world, that she had a son, but that she had hopes of ruling at Dayber's Echo

the Territory on the 22d inst. The excitement is so great that nearly every small town throughout the West has its colony of emigrants, and it is estimated that at least 30,000 persons will enter the promised land on or before the day fixed by the President's proclamation. There being only 10,000 homesteads available, the great majority of the boomers will, of course, be "left out in the cold," and it is not improbable that serious conflicts may ensue. Our pictures on page 156 will enable the reader to form an accurate conception of the present condition of things on the Oklahoma border.

RAILROAD TRAMPS.

A PECULIAR and formidable phase of the tramp nuisance, which is graphically illustrated on page 157, is of somewhat recent growth. It consists in the formation of a species of outlaw camps in secluded spots along the great railway lines, from which bases foraging expeditions are made into the surrounding country. The banded vagabonds steal railroad-ties, and build a comfortable hut, in which to live and sleep. Over a fire of cotton-waste, plundered from the freight-cars on the track, they cook the fowls, vegetables and other provender collected at the expense of the farmers of the neighborhood. All this is very comfortable and idyllic; but the patience of the country people becomes finally exhausted, and the railroad companies, finding their property wrecked and pillaged, go on the war-path. Detectives and constables swoop down upon the camps, and its occupants are dragged off to do harsh penance under the tramp law.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, having suffered seriously from the depredations of these squatting gangs, has organized a systematic war of extermination upon them. The picture shows the capture of a camp on that line near Rahway, N. J.

LORD RONALD GOWER'S SHAKESPEARE MONUMENT AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

A HIEF among the artistic attractions of Shakespeare's birthplace, to which pilgrims throng from all parts of the civilized world, is the Shakespeare Monument, designed and modeled by Lord Ronald Gower, and presented by him to the town of Stratford-on-Avon, in the Summer of 1887. We give a picture of this splendid work, from a recent photograph. It is noble in height, symmetrical in proportions and poetic in conception. A simple bust of the poet, like that in the Stratford church, crowns the monument. At the base are four typical characters from Shakespeare's dramas—*Hamlet*, personifying the thoughtful and philosophic mood; *Falstaff*, the humorous and sensual; *Prince Hal*, the embodiment of youthful and heroic manhood; and *Lady Macbeth*, the tragic impersonation of remorse and grief. This latter figure is especially fine, the moment seized by the sculptor being that agonized instant when sleepless remembrance and terror wring forth the pitiful cry, "Out—out—damned spot!" A separate engraving is given, showing more of the detail of this statue, which deserves to rank as one of the most complete expressions of utter grief and despair ever wrought out in bronze or stone. Altogether, the monument is a superb and beautiful one, worthy alike of the storied town it adorns, of the memory of the immortal bard, and of the homage paid to his memory by the noble sculptor.

Lord Ronald Gower is no stranger in this country, being a frequent and welcome visitor here, besides coming of a family who have been conspicuously friendly to our people and institutions. His maternal uncle, the Earl of Carlisle—then Lord Monpeth—visited New York in 1842-43, and met with a notable reception. Lord Ronald is a son of the famed English beauty, the Duchess of Sutherland, a brother of the Duke of Sutherland, who is at present sojourning in the United States, and by marriage an uncle of the Princess Louise. The fair Countess of Kildare is also a cousin of Lord Ronald. Stafford House, his London residence, is one of the most magnificent and stately of the "homes of England," to which Queen Victoria once paid the courtly compliment of remarking, on the occasion of her visit there, "I come from my house to your palace." While Lord Ronald's chief intellectual delight and occupation is in sculpture, his literary tastes and acquirements have found practical expression in his well-known book of "Reminiscences," and a masterly study of "The Last Days of Marie Antoinette." Amongst his notable works in the plastic line should be mentioned a beautiful ideal head of Christ and a statue of Lord Beaconsfield.

Personally, Lord Ronald Gower is a handsome young nobleman, with two sets of manners. As "his lordship," he can be upon occasion as cold, haughty and unresponsive as the extreme traditions of his race might demand; in his *atelier*, or in congenial artistic companionship, he is the ideal of refined geniality and bohemianism. Many men before Lord Ronald Gower, no doubt, have declared that they preferred an artist's lot and name to that of a peer of the realm; but few indeed have enjoyed the possession of both.

COLONEL ROBERT ADAMS, JR., MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES TO BRAZIL.

COLONEL ROBERT ADAMS, JR., who has been appointed United States Minister at the Court at Brazil, is the first Pennsylvanian to receive an appointment in the diplomatic service under the Harrison Administration. Mr. Adams is of Irish descent, his father, Robert Adams, who is still living, a pale and hearty septuagenarian, being the son of Robert Adams, of Lifford Hall, County Tyrone, Ireland. This latter member of the family left his home to seek his fortune in America in 1793, and settling in Philadelphia, he became a leading merchant. His son, father of the subject of this sketch, succeeded him in business, and was also, before his retirement, one of the foremost merchants of Philadelphia. Robert Adams, Jr., was born in February, 1849. After his educational course, he studied law in the office of George W. Biddle and was admitted to the Bar, but on account of delicate health did not practice his profession. Shortly afterward he was appointed to a position on the Geological Survey, and was with the expedition that explored Yellowstone Park. In 1882 he was elected State Senator, and served until 1886, when he declined re-election. He was one of the leaders of the movement to enact the law providing for the new city charter. In 1886 he declined to be a candidate for re-election. He is a member of the City Troop, and is at present Judge Advocate of the National Guard. Since April, 1887, he has held the position of Lieutenant-colonel and Aide-de-camp on Governor Beaver's staff. He is President of the Wharton School Association, a mem-

ber of the Hibernian Society, of the Historical Society, of the Union League, the Philadelphia Club, and other social organizations.

FRANCIS E. WARREN,
GOVERNOR OF WYOMING TERRITORY.

FRANCIS E. WARREN, appointed Governor of Wyoming, was born at Hinsdale, Mass., in 1845. He worked on his father's farm until 1862, when, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers. He served through the war, being mustered out with the rank of Captain. In 1868 he went West, and after about a year's prospecting in Colorado and Wyoming he settled in Cheyenne. He began work as a clerk in the house-furnishing store of Mr. A. R. Converse. Young Warren was a good salesman, a hard worker, economical and thoroughly honest. He was offered an interest in his employer's business, and the firm of Converse & Warren soon became one of the most wealthy in the West. In connection with the mercantile business, Mr. Warren successfully engaged in the cattle business, is owner of large blocks of land, and has interests in many enterprises calculated to build up and improve the City of Cheyenne. Governor Warren has served a number of terms in the Wyoming Legislature, has been Mayor of Cheyenne and Territorial Treasurer. In February, 1885, he was appointed Governor of Wyoming by President Arthur, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Governor Hall. The following September the horrible massacre of Chinese miners occurred at Rock Springs, on the afternoon of September 2d, and startled the community and the whole country by the suddenness and violence with which the atrocious deed was committed. Without any territorial militia, and with all, or nearly all, the residents of Rock Springs in sympathy with the rioters, Governor Warren had a serious task confronting him. He was equal to the emergency. By midnight of September the 2d he was on the ground, and by the next day had a force of United States troops under his command. Further rioting was prevented, and the 700 unfortunate Chinamen who had been driven to the hills by the mob were given adequate protection.

In his annual report for 1886, Governor Warren criticised sharply the delay of the General Land Office of the United States in issuing patents of land to settlers. The criticism was followed in a very short time by a request for his resignation.

Upon the election of President Harrison, the question of having Warren appointed Governor was taken up by the Territorial press and by the citizens generally without distinction as to politics. He was indorsed by nearly all of the newspapers of the Territory, by all of the city governments, by the boards of trade, by all the Republican organizations and by hundreds of prominent Democrats. His appointment gives universal satisfaction in the Territory.

Wyoming wants Statehood. The energy, push and determination of the new Governor will aid in accomplishing this desire, and it is confidently hoped throughout Wyoming that the long-looked-for boon of home rule will soon be granted.

COLONEL JOHN HICKS,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO PERU.

COLONEL JOHN HICKS, who has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Peru, *vice Minister Buck*, recalled, is the editor and proprietor of the Oshkosh *Northwestern* newspaper. He was born in Auburn, N. Y., April 12th, 1847. His parents removed to Wisconsin in 1852. He took a partial course in the Lawrence University at Appleton, Wis., and at the State University at Madison. From boyhood his leanings were toward the newspaper business, and his first essay in college was on "The Newspaper as an Educator." In December, 1867, at the age of twenty, he left college in the sophomore year, to take the position of city editor on the *Northwestern*, at Oshkosh, and in 1870, in company with General Thomas S. Allen, formerly Secretary of State of Wisconsin, purchased the newspaper. The firm of Allen & Hicks conducted the business until June, 1884, when Colonel Hicks purchased his partner's interest, and has since then owned and managed the business himself. The newspaper, after General Allen's withdrawal, was entirely remodeled and greatly improved. Mr. Hicks was a Colonel and aid on the staff of Governor Rusk, and is prominent in the politics of the State.

HON. LANSING B. MIZNER,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO THE CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

HON. LANSING B. MIZNER, the newly appointed Minister to the Central American States, is a native of Illinois, but for the last thirty years has been a citizen of California, where he has occupied a prominent position as a Republican. He is considered one of the best political speakers on the Pacific Coast, having canvassed the State of California for all the Republican Presidential nominees from Grant to Harrison. He has had considerable diplomatic experience, having been attached to the American Legation to Colombia in 1843, and remaining there for several years. He speaks the Spanish language fluently. He went to Mexico with the Illinois Volunteers, and acted as interpreter for General Wool. He was all through the Mexican War, and was in the battle of Buena Vista, the decisive contest between the contending armies. After peace with Mexico he went to California and became one of the pioneers. He has served in the Senate of his State as the President of that body. He is an able lawyer, and was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of California in 1860, and to the Supreme Court of the United States in 1867. His official residence will be at Guatemala City, and he will leave for his post of duty about the 1st of May.

THE LATE CAPTAIN SCHOONMAKER.

THE list of the victims of the terrible Samoan disaster is headed by Captain C. M. Schoonmaker, Commander of the wrecked *Vandalia*, and an officer of whom every one in the Navy Department speaks in the highest terms. He was born in Kingston, N. Y., on February 2d, 1839, and he always regarded that place as his home. He was the son of Hon. Marius Schoonmaker, formerly a Representative in Congress, State Auditor, and from 1840 and during the existence of the old Whig party a State leader under Thurlow Weed, and one of the most influential citizens of Ulster

County. He is still living, at the age of seventy-eight years, and in full mental vigor. Captain Schoonmaker was his eldest son, who leaves a widow and three children, at present residing in Albany.

Captain Schoonmaker graduated from the Naval Academy in 1859, and after various cruises, entered the war as a Lieutenant. From November, 1861, to July, 1863, he served as Executive Officer of the gun-boat *Wyandotte* in the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and after leaving that vessel, served until March, 1864, as Executive Officer of the United States steamer *Octorora*. One year of this service was in Rear-admiral Wilkes's flying squadron, and the rest of the time in the West Gulf Blockading Squadron off Mobile bar. In May, 1864, he passed the forts in Mobile Bay in the monitor *Manhattan*, and on August 14th of the same year he was in the fight with the iron-clad *Tennessee* and the other Confederate gun-boats, and participated in the capture of Forts Morgan and Gaines. After the war he visited South Atlantic ports. He was commissioned as Lieutenant and Commander on December 24th, 1865, and then joined the Asiatic Squadron. He returned to New York in 1870, and three years later brought back the members of the *Polaris* crew, who had been rescued from an ice-floe. Since then he served as Navigating Officer at New York and Norfolk, as a Light-house Inspector, as Commander of the *Nipsic* on the European station, and finally having risen, on March 27th, 1888, to the rank of Captain, was ordered to the *Vandalia*. His record is an exceptionally brave and honorable one throughout.

HON. WILLIAM F. WHARTON,
THE NEW ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE new Assistant Secretary of State, William F. Wharton, was born, June 28th, 1847. His father was one of the well-known family of that name in Philadelphia, and a cousin of the late Dr. Francis Wharton. Mr. Wharton was educated in Boston and graduated at Harvard, with high honors, in 1870. He is also a graduate of the Harvard Law School and a member of the Suffolk Bar, and is well known as a lawyer by his excellent work on the "Laws of Partnership." Mr. Wharton served for several years in the Boston Common Council, and was at one time the Republican candidate for President of that body. He also served four years in the Massachusetts Legislature, and during the last year was Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and leader of the House. In his legislative services he showed much ability, and had the confidence of the House. He has always been a stanch and active Republican, and his appointment is a special recognition of the younger element of the party in Massachusetts. The place for which he has been selected is an extremely important one, and has been held in the past by such men as Frederick W. Seward, Bancroft Davis, Robert R. Hitt, Judge John Davis and ex-Governor Porter of Tennessee.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

DURING the first quarter of this year 40,685 emigrants arrived at the Port of New York.

In the first two months of this year the Pennsylvania Railroad earned nearly \$9,000,000, and spent nearly \$6,500,000 in operating the road. That is a pretty large business. It indicates the immense importance and power of a great railway corporation from a commercial view.

THE "Speech from the Throne" in Sweden is the genuine article, far different from those at other capitals. It is delivered by stalwart King Oscar himself, clad in white ermine trimmed with red and gold, wearing a crown of gold upon his head and bearing a jeweled sceptre in his hand. He has a fine voice and is a graceful and eloquent orator.

HIRAM WILLIAMSON, who has just been appointed Chief Porter at the Boston Post-office, was one of the immortal 600 who rode into the "valley of death" at Balaklava on the morning of October 25th, 1854. He possesses one of the clasp-medals presented by Victoria at Hyde Park to the returned Crimean soldiers. Coming to this country in 1859, he served in a Massachusetts regiment during the Civil War, and he gives it as his testimony that, in point of valor displayed and loss sustained, the charge at Balaklava did not equal many engagements in which he participated in Virginia and elsewhere. Mr. Williamson is seventy years of age.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

MARCH 30TH—In New York, the Rev. Dr. John Spaulding, a well-known Presbyterian clergyman, aged 88 years. March 31st—In New York, John A. Duff, the well-known theatrical manager, aged 68 years; in Boston, Mass., Jacob Sleeper, the eminent philanthropist, aged 87 years; in Los Angeles, Cal., Lieutenant-colonel R. H. Alexander, formerly Medical Director of the Department of Arizona; in Tompkinsville, S. L., Theodore C. Vermilyea, a prominent lawyer, aged 36 years; in New York, Edward Flash, of the Produce Exchange, aged 63 years. April 1st—In Lockport, N. Y., Harvey P. Gaskill, inventor and manufacturer, aged 44 years; in Ottawa, Canada, John Henry Pope, Minister of Railways; in Chillicothe, O., Rev. Edward F. Lieb, for seven years tutor of Maximilian, the Austrian archduke who became Emperor of Mexico; April 2d—In Brooklyn, N. Y., ex-Judge Alexander McCue, aged 62 years; in Newburg, N. Y., Major George A. Williams, U.S.A. (retired), aged 58 years; in Baltimore, Md., Mrs. Elizabeth K. Winans, widow of Ross Winans; in New York, William J. Syms; in New York, Jacob Huyle, the confectioner, aged 73 years. April 3d—In Lee, Mass., Elizur Smith, breeder of trotting-horses, etc., aged 76 years; in Yonkers, N. Y., John Warburton Skinner, Superintendent of the Children's Aid Society schools; in Portland, Me., Hobart W. Richardson, editor of the *Portland Advertiser*, aged 58 years; in Providence, R. I., Professor William Gammell, LL.D., aged 77 years; in New York, William H. Quick, a prominent member of the Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange, aged 36 years; April 4th—At Silver Springs, Fla., Philo Remington, of the well-known rifle and gun manufacturing firm, aged 72 years; in Albany, N. Y., John S. Perry, a leading business man and manufacturer, aged 73 years; in Salem, N. Y., George Austin, an opulent land-owner of Washington County, aged 77 years. April 5th—In Boston, Mass., Charles W. Pierce, prominent in financial and railroad circles, aged 71 years; in Pittsburgh, Pa., James Callery, President of the Pittsburgh and Western Railroad, aged 56 years.

THE French Chamber of Deputies has decided, by a vote of 355 to 203, in favor of the prosecution of General Boulanger on the charge of attempting the destruction of the French Republic. The general declares that he fled to Belgium because he had proof that his life was in danger in Paris. He has issued a manifesto to his followers, and several conferences of the leaders have been held at Brussels. It is thought that the Belgian Government may expel Boulanger from the country.

CONGRESS, at its last session, appropriated the sum of \$120,000 for preparation of sites and erection of pedestals for statues of General Sheridan, General Logan and General Hancock in Washington, the statues to be provided by private subscription. The Society of the Army of the Cumberland will provide Sheridan's; and the Army of the Tennessee, Logan's. The former will represent Little Phil on horseback, of course, and will probably be placed on a hill just north of the city. Logan's statue will probably be placed in the centre of Iowa Circle, opposite where he used to live.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE national debt was reduced \$13,000,000 during March.

A CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION is to be held in Idaho for the purpose of preparing the Territory for Statehood.

THE Passion Play will be given at Oberammergau in the Autumn of 1890. The text and music have been revised.

BEFORE the adjournment of the United States Senate, last week, Mr. Ingalls was chosen President *pro tem.* of that body.

THE great Eiffel Tower, which will be one of the principal features of the coming Paris Exhibition, was opened on Sunday week last.

THE President has appointed Joel B. Erhardt, to be Collector of Customs at New York, and Cornelius Van Cott to be Postmaster at New York.

THE Government of Chili has formally signified its intention to participate in the Congress of American Nations to be held in Washington this year.

THE New York State Assembly has passed the High-license Bill, but there is little probability that it will become a law. Should it pass the Senate, the Governor would probably veto it.

THE office-seekers continue to overrun Washington in hordes, to the annoyance of heads of departments and the weariness of the President, who will be obliged to seek a few days' rest away from the capital.

TWO HUNDRED MILLION revenue-stamps, of the value of \$45,000,000, stored in the Treasury vaults at Washington, were recently counted by a committee appointed for the purpose, and every cent was accounted for.

A BILL to bridge the Hudson River between New York and Jersey City has been introduced in the New York Assembly, and seems likely to pass. It is desired by the railroads, to enable them to run trains into New York city.

AN act of incorporation has just been granted to a company of Americans, who have a capital of \$3,500,000, for the purpose of developing mineral and other lands and contracting for public and private improvements in Mexico.

THE Russian Czar is said to be thoroughly alarmed concerning the recent discovery of plots to assassinate him. All the newspapers have been prohibited from publishing reports of the plots or making any comments upon them.

THE recent hurricane in the South Pacific Ocean caused great damage on the Island of Tahiti. Parts of the island were submerged, and many persons were drowned. On the Island of Tonga the hurricane created great havoc.

PRESIDENT HARRISON has issued a proclamation recommending that on April 30th, the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of President Washington, the people of the country assemble in their places of worship to invoke the Divine favor.

MISSOURI sets an example to other States which believe in high-license by charging \$500 for a license in any part of the State, and allowing localities to add thereto at discretion. This makes the license tax in St. Louis \$2,000, which is none too large.

RAIRIE-FIRES in East and South Dakota, last week, devastated large areas of territory, destroyed several small villages, with many scattered hamlets, live stock and other property—the total loss being estimated at \$2,000,000. A number of lives were also lost.

THE municipal election in Chicago, last week, resulted in a complete overthrow of the Republican "machine," the Democrats carrying every important office. Mayor Roche, who was elected two years ago by 20,000 majority, is now buried under a land-slide of 12,000 the other way.

THE President is said to have advised certain colored Southern politicians that he will make appointments to office in the South with great deliberation, and that he will select the best men he can find, after consulting with the leading men of the section in which the offices are located.

PRESIDENT PATTON, at the Princeton Alumni dinner in New York, a week or so ago, announced that by the end of the year the financial result of the first year of his presidency would be \$250,000 added to the endowment of the university. He also announced the formation at Princeton of a school of electrical engineering.

IN the town elections in Kansas, last week, women voted freely. In Leavenworth they polled 4,000 votes. In Oskaloosa the female candidates for the city offices won the day by sweeping majorities. At Cottonwood Falls the ladies were also triumphant, Mrs. Minnie Morgan being elected Mayor. All the members of the Council elected are women.

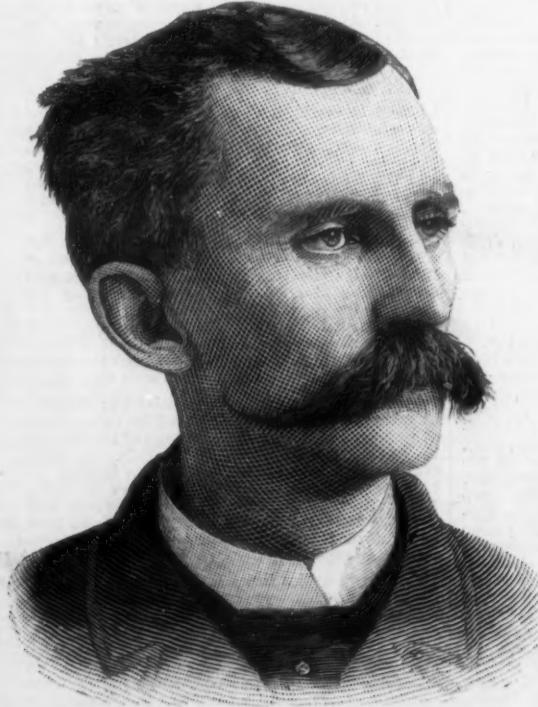
IT is unlikely that the Navy Department will proceed to establish a naval station at the harbor of Pango-Pango, on the Samoan Islands, until the Berlin Conference concludes its work. The last Congress appropriated \$100,000 for this purpose, and the money is now available, but it is thought that any radical step at this juncture might tend to jeopardize the success of the Conference.



CALIFORNIA.—HON. LANSING B. MIZNER, U. S. MINISTER TO CENTRAL AMERICA.
PHOTO. BY C. M. BELL.—SEE PAGE 159.

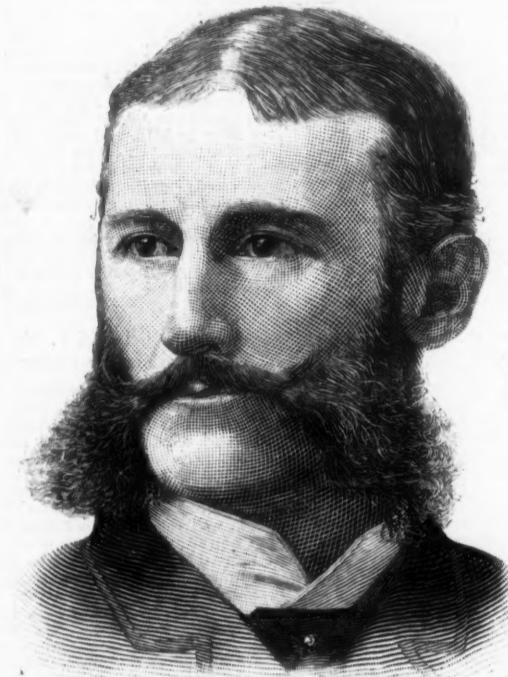


PENNSYLVANIA.—HON. ROBERT ADAMS, JR., UNITED STATES MINISTER TO BRAZIL.
PHOTO. BY GUTEKUNST.—SEE PAGE 159.



INDIANA.—HON. JAMES N. HUSTON, TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTO. BY ROSE, INDIANAPOLIS.

HON. JAMES N. HUSTON.
TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.
HON. JAMES N. HUSTON, the newly appointed Treasurer of the United States, has been for years conspicuous in the politics and business of Indiana. He is President of the Connorsville National Bank, of which his father was President before him. He is also largely interested in agricultural matters, owning and operating several farms, one of them being that on which he was born, and which has been in his family for two centuries. He is extensively engaged in manufacturing enterprises. Mr. Huston first made his appearance in politics as a member of the Indiana Legis-

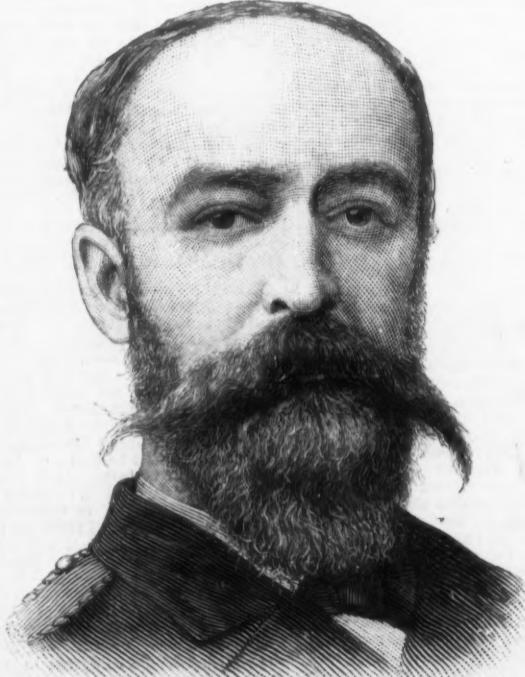


MASSACHUSETTS.—HON. W. F. WHARTON, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE.
PHOTO. BY MARSHALL.—SEE PAGE 159.

lature, in 1883. In 1885 he was elected to the State Senate. In 1886 he was chosen Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, in which capacity he also served during the last campaign. He was a Delegate-at-large to the Chicago Convention in 1888, and at one time was prominently mentioned as a candidate for Governor of the State; but he declined to permit his name to be used, because of his connection with the Central Committee. His long experience and his success as a banker and business man afford a guarantee that he will discharge the duties of his new position with efficiency and credit.

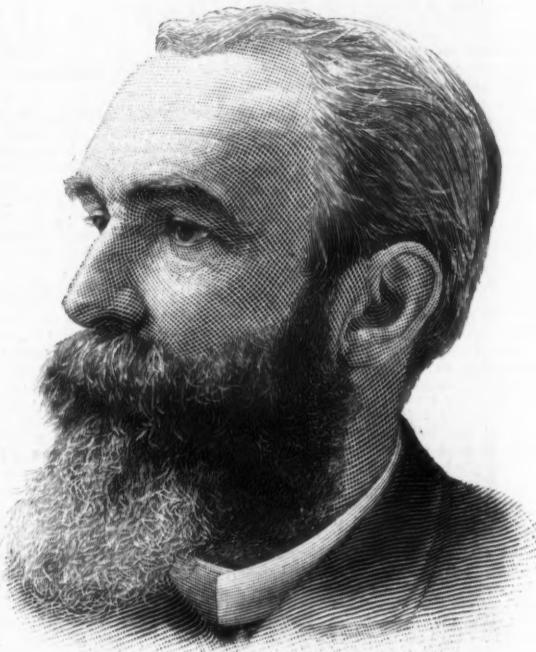
HON. WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS,
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO VENEZUELA.

THE President's selection of Hon. William L. Scruggs for the position of Minister to Venezuela will be generally approved. He has distinguished himself in the diplomatic and consular services,

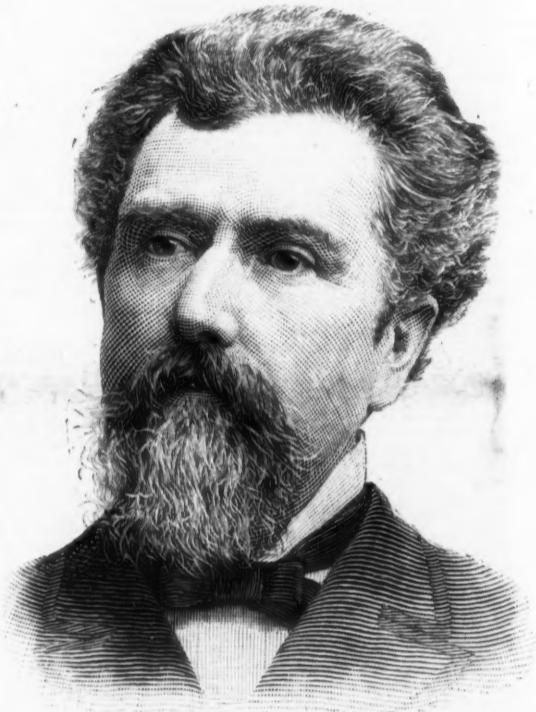


NEW YORK.—THE LATE CAPTAIN C. M. SCHOONMAKER, OF THE MAN-OF-WAR "VANDALIA," LOST IN SAMOA.
PHOTO. BY MERRITT.—SEE PAGE 159.

and represented our flag and our interests abroad with signal fidelity and ability. William L. Scruggs was born in East Tennessee fifty years ago. He received a classical education, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar at the age of twenty-one; but was soon after appointed Principal of Hamilton Male Academy, and never opened a law-office nor sought such practice. Drifting into journalism, he settled in Georgia when still a very young man. He was editor of the Columbus *Daily Sun* from 1862 to 1865; moved to Atlanta, in 1866, and established the *Daily New Era*, the first Republican daily ever established in the South. His paper, though Republican, was popular, and extensively read throughout the Southern States.



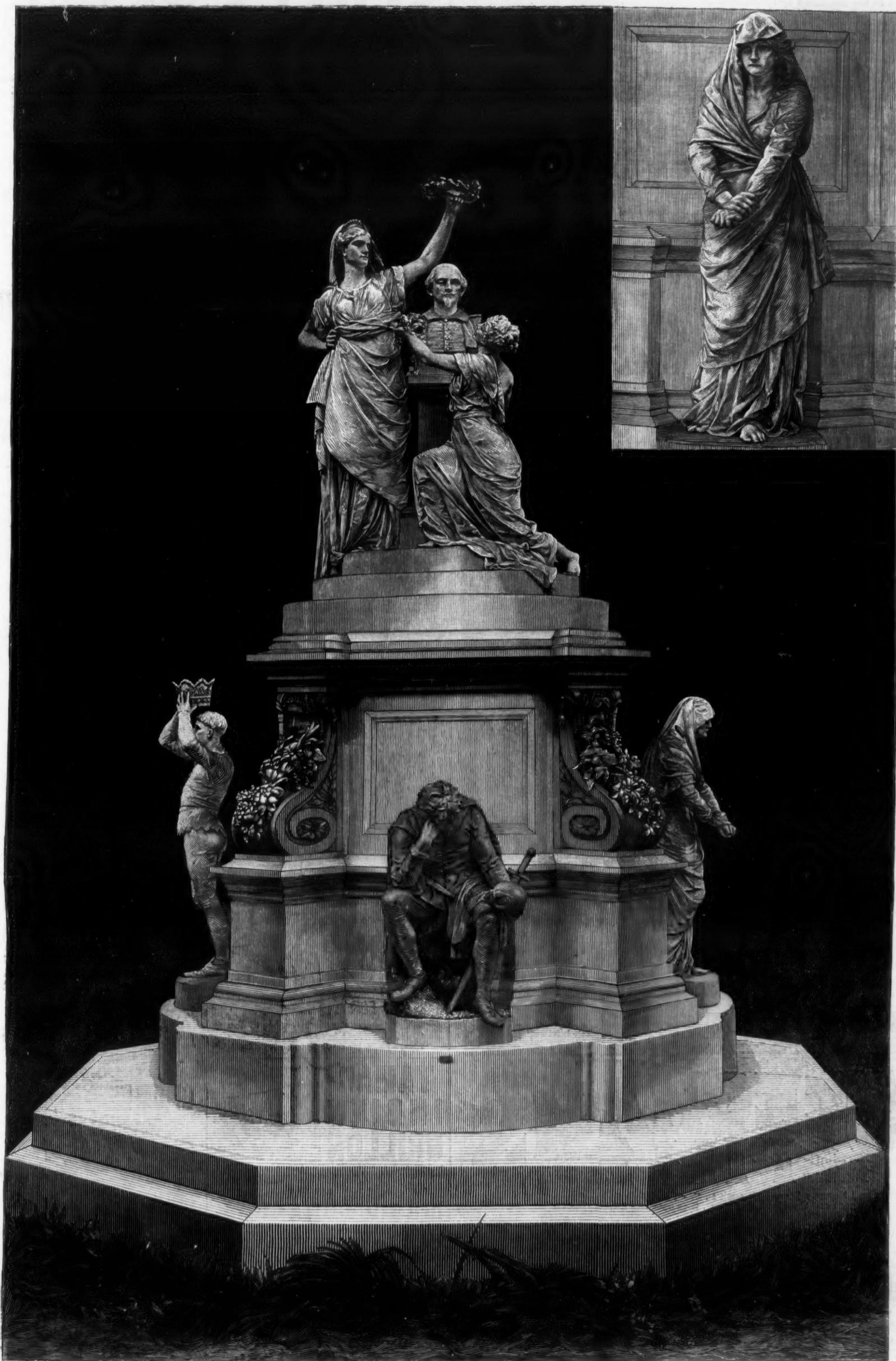
WISCONSIN.—COLONEL JOHN HICKS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO PERU.
PHOTO. BY BELL.—SEE PAGE 159.



GEORGIA.—HON. WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO VENEZUELA.
PHOTO. BY BELL.



WYOMING.—HON. FRANCIS E. WARREN, GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY.
PHOTO. BY KIRKLAND, CHEYENNE.—SEE PAGE 159.



ENGLAND.—THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL MONUMENT, DESIGNED BY LORD RONALD GOWER, AND PRESENTED BY HIM TO THE TOWN OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

SEE PAGE 159.

LADY MACBETH.

Under his management it was a recognized power during the years 1869, 1870, 1871 and 1872.

In 1873 he was nominated by President Grant Minister to the Republic of Colombia, succeeding General Stephen A. Hurlbut in that position. In 1875 Mr. Scruggs was chosen arbitrator in an international controversy between Great Britain and Colombia. His decision in that case was accepted by both parties without reference to an umpire, and became a precedent in similar cases arising between Colombia and other Governments. In 1879 he was sent by President Hayes as Consul to China, first to Ching-Kiang, then to Canton. In 1882 he was transferred to Bogota as Minister, a position which he held until President Cleveland named his successor. During the past few years he has been a frequent contributor to the higher legal, political, historical, scientific and miscellaneous periodicals; such as the *Central Law Journal*, the *Political Science Quarterly* of Boston, the *North American Review*, *Magazine of American History*, the *Southern Criterion*, and other publications.

Just at this time the Venezuelan Mission is one of unusual importance. Venezuela is engaged in a dispute with England over the ownership of a strip of territory to which the latter country lays claim, and it may be that the United States will be called upon to uphold the Monroe Doctrine and interfere. Under these circumstances it will be greatly to the advantage of our Government to be represented in Venezuela by an accomplished diplomat like Mr. Scruggs, whose familiarity with the South American situation will enable him to deal with the difficult questions that may come before him. The new Minister's scholarly attainments, experience in public affairs and high character eminently qualify him for the appointment, and it is not likely that there will be opposition in any quarter. His record is flawless, and his political course has been free from bitter partisanship.

AS GOOD AS MEDICINE.

INVALIDS like encouragement. The physician of kind demeanor acts often as a remedy in himself. There is an indefinite yet delightful assurance of convalescence in every word, every gesture.

But better than this is evidence—evidence of past success, evidence of present efficiency. Such, for instance, as the following, in regard to Compound Oxygen:

"FREEMANSBURG, N. Y., August 10, 1888.
"I would not have been amongst the living if it had not been for Compound Oxygen."
"MRS. RAPPLEYE."

"NORWOOD, MASS., August 10, 1888.
"I have improved very much under your Treatment.
"MRS. USTICE STOCK."

"NEWARK, N. J., June 12, 1888.
"Mother and I are enjoying good health, no doctor having been called to our house for over three years, ever since I first sent for Compound Oxygen."
"MISS SUSIE STEELE."

"MILTON, DEL., August 8, 1888.
"My wife says I must tell you she believes that she would have been in her grave if it had not been for Compound Oxygen."
"J. B. MUSTARD, Postmaster."

The above evidence needs no comment. We would add, however, that we publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.; or 331 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

A GERMAN specialist asserts that Patti has two extra valves in her windpipe. She may be considered, therefore, a kind of extra bivalve, a veritable oyster Patti.—*Musical Courier*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

LADIES take ANGOSTURA BITTERS generally when they feel low-spirited. It brightens them up.

When Daby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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To agents who will introduce our
Watches and Jewelry we will give a Watch Free
Send your address and 2-cent stamp and be convinced
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PAINLESS BEECHAM'S EFFECTUAL PILLS
GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Ciddiness, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Co'd Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

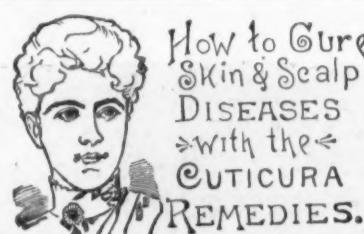
WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;

they ACT LIKE MAGIC: a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who if your druggist does not keep them

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX.

But inquire first.



THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG and CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

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The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspepsia and Children. Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

CHERRY BLOSSOM

PERFUME TOILET POWDER & SOAP

NONE NICER

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents Dandruff and hair falling 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

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For Scrofulous Affections.

For Anæmia and Debility.

For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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The person selling or correctly the names of all the Presidents of the U.S., including Gen. Harrison, will receive an Elegant Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch (lady's or gent's) worth \$50.00; the second person giving the correct names of Presidents will receive a Solid Gold Case Watch worth \$25.00; the third a Solid Silver Case Watch, and each of the next ten, if there be so many correct names, a Gold Hunting Case Watch worth \$10.00.

Nickel Watch all stamp-indeed and setter. Write to your name or you must send 25c. stamps (stamps, silver or postal) to help pay cost of this advertisement, postage, &c., and we will send you a pretty Leather Purse, spring-sash, suitable for lady or gentleman, containing an Elegant Ring made of 18k. rolled Gold plate, also a New Book containing the latest styles of Souvenir and Visiting Cards, Scrap Pictures, &c. This is one grandest offer ever made but antecedent to the rules from the makers of beau'tiful Cards, &c., will more than repay you. The names of the successful persons will be published in the May number of FIRESIDE & FARM, a copy of which will be sent free to every person who sends 25c. postage. This offer is limited to May 1st. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. NEPTUNE PRINTING CO., Fair Haven, Conn.

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods.

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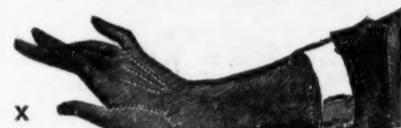
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PREPARED FROM THE

Sanative Salts of the highly renowned Springs of the German Health Resort, SODEN in the TAUNUS, under the supervision and control of W. Stoeltzing, M.D., TRADE MARK. Member of the Royal Board of Health.

They are to be used with great benefit in all Chronic Catarrhs of the Throat, Larynx and Lungs.

By their action the mucus is dissolved, quiet and ease obtained; owing to their rare advantages they alleviate an often very trying cough and then bring about the longed-for recovery. Their influence has been exceedingly beneficial in cases of

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G. G. Treat, of West Granville, Mass., writes of Allcock's Porous Plasters:

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Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Allcock's, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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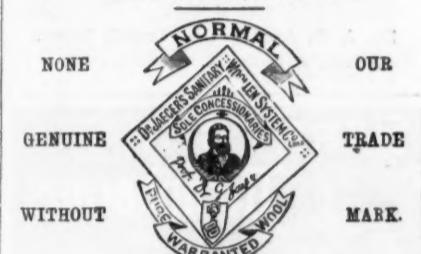
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